The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE.
ADAM HOY.
[Subject to the decision of Dem. Judicial Conference.]

FOR CONGRESS.
ANDREW G. CURTIN.
[Subject to the decision of Dem. Congr. Conference.]

For Associate Judge—Chester Munson.
For Assembly—Leonard Rhone. John A. Woodward.
For Sheriff—Miles Walker.
For Prothonotary—Robert G. Brett,
For Treasurer—Charles Smith.
For Register—James A. McClain.
For Recorder—Frank E. Bible.
For Commissioners—A. J. Greist. John Wolf.
For Auditors—Solomon Peck. J. N. Dinges.

Blaine dodged the prohibition question in Maine, last week. Noble champion of the g. o. p!

The Tammany Hall committee met on night of 8, and unanimously resolved to support Cleveland.

As a dodger Blaine takes the prize.

It is believed that the Plumed Knight could dodge a cannon ball.

If the Republicans would drop Blaine now and put Mrs. Morrill in his place they would greatly improve their ticket.

Tammany has come out strongly for Cleveland, all but Grady, the fellow that was sat down upon by the Chicago convention. Grady goes for Butler—and nobody cares.

By the emigration of bank presidents and bank cashiers from the United States to Canada during the last eighteen months the Republican party has lost many of its voters.

Hamilton Fish, the head of Grant's cabinet, and Mr. Bristow, Grant's Secretary of the Treasury, the man who prosecuted the western revenue thieves, have both come out openly for Cleveland.

The miners of the Clearfield region, in their recent assembly at Dubois, unanimously demanded the re-election of Gov. Curtin. That's just what all the rest of the folks want except the small knot of politicians for revenue only.

What a mistaken, worse than fogy idea it is that a few have, that only certain men have a right to be candidates for a nomination and none others. Such notions are bred among what Horace Greely would call narrow-minded block heads.

The result of the primaries in Clearfield county unanimously favoring Curtin's re nomination, gives us strong hope for the renomination of Gov. Curtin by the district conference. If left to the people of the district Curtin would receive nine-tenths of the vote.

A dispatch dated Rome, Sept. 8, says: The Vatican has forwarded to the French Government a note upon divorce in which it declares that divorce is at war with and contrary to the doctrines of the Catholic Church and maintains that it has the right of prohibiting divorce to the adherents of the church. An encyclical is about to be issued upon the subject addressed to French Catholics.

Tne Democracy of the various townships on this side of the county are livening up to the November work. They have made up their minds and will roll up an increased majority. The national, state and district nominees give entire satisfaction, there may be a little feeling of disappointment on one or two of the local nominees, but those things as usual blow over.

Let the ball be put in motion all over the county.

The prohibition amendment adopted in Maine at the polls, last week, reads as follows:

The manufacture of intoxicating liquors, not including cider, and the sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors, are and shall be forever prohibited. Except, however, that the sale and keeping for sale of such liquors for medicinal and mechanical purposes and the arts, and the sale and keeping for sale of cider, may be permitted under such regulations as the Legislature may provide. The legislature shall enact laws with suitable penalties for the suppression of the manufacture, sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors, with the exception herein specified.

MAINE AND PROHIBITION.

Blaine dodged the prohibition question at the election last week. A correspondent of the *World* writes from Augusta as follows:

Seldom if ever in the history of American politics have such disgraceful and humiliating scenes been witnessed as those at the polls in this city to-day. Your correspondent stood at the polling box of the First ward, which is the largest ward in the city, and the place in which Mr. Blaine lives and votes. The voting commeneed at 10 o'clock and closed at 4. Just as the polls opened six ladies entered the hall bearing bouquets in their hands, which they placed in their windows and on the tables and then proceeded to take up a position near the entrance with affirmative ballots on the prohibitory amendment in their hands. They were elderly ladies, neatly dressed and of very determined appearance. Ballots had been printed for them, the "Yes" being in very large black letters that could be read across the street. They offered a ballot to every man who entered, and one of them followed such voter to see whether he put a "No" or "Yes" in the box. It was the first time women had ever appeared at the polls in Augusta. It was therefore a novelty.

Some responses made to solicitations of the women were rude and insulting. One man who was quite drunk swore that he could never be ruled by a lot of petticoats, and then said he would be d——d if he would ever take a ballot from a wowan. The poor women looked terribly dissatisfied. One of them sat down, saying she was discouraged.

Notwithstanding the existance of a strict prohibitory law in this city beer and whiskey were freely given at a common hotel near by. The Republican women worked for prohibition at the polls, while the Republican men made their dupes drunk before marching them in like cattle to cast a free ballot. There was but little concealment about the purchase of voters. The prices paid or received were freely discussed. Bottles of whiskey were carried in coat pockets and handed from one man to another with many a drunken grin and grimace.

It was announced that Blaine would be at the polls at 11 a. m. to vote. The women were ready to give him the "Yes" or prohibition ballot. But 2 and 3 o'clock came and Blaine did not appear. Near 4 o'clock the women left, then Blaine and his son Walter appeared, both voting the Republican ticket, but neither voting on the Amendment, altho' Blaine had promised Neal Dow he would, and thus got the temperance vote to fuse with the Republicans.

Mr. Woodward, the Democratic nominee for Assembly, is an old-line Democrat, consistent in his duty to the party. He is a gentleman well-booked on public affairs and will make an active member of the House. He is, besides, closely identified with the agricultural interests and will support any just measure calculated to further the welfare of the farmer, mechanic and laboring men. Having never faltered in his devotion to the Democratic party, he is deserving the earnest support of every member of the party.

Mr. Rhone, the other nominee on our tick for Assembly, is also an intelligent farmer, and from his active connection with the Grange organization is generally known to our people, who have repeatedly heard a public expression of his sentiments from the stand of the Patrons that we need not repeat them here. He promises to give Democratic measures his support if elected.

The Pittsburg *Post* says: We hope the Democrats of the Twentieth district will not be so foolish as to dispense with the service of Gov. Curtin in the House. The Philadelphia *Record* speaks of an "undoubted disposition" among certain Democratic politicians to crowd him off the track. These politicians should be sent to the rear. In Gov. Curtin the district has a representative of national reputation, great ability, and influence second to that of no man in Congress. If Cleveland shall be elected, as we all hope, the ex-Governor will be one of the administration leaders of the House. He is needed there. His counsels are wise and patriotic. The district gains reputation abroad by sending such a man to represent it. As long as mediocrities are sent to Congress the doctrine of "rotation" and the "claim of localities" are well enough, but when a district gets a first-class man of national repute, by the force of his abilities and experience, it should hold on to him, except for reasons of a grave character. Gov. Curtin is such a man. Pennsylvania wants his service in the next House, just as it wants the ability and experience of Randall, Hopkins, Ermentrout, Boyle and Elliott.

CONKLING'S FOLLOWERS TO KICK.

The Washington *Gazette* publishes the following sensational dispatch from New York:

"I have become possessed of information that is of a startling character, and which I have ascertained to be true. A conference of the leading Stalwart Republicans will be held in this city at an early day to discuss the expediency of rallying in a body to the support of Cleveland, or rather to arrange the preliminaries for such a move. Blaine's intimate friends have been threatening ever since the nomination that he would, when elected, finish the work he began so well in 1882 by causing the defeat of Folger in his state. The Stalwarts have concluded to take Blaine at the words of his friends, and it is war to the knife now. I can positively affirm that Mr. George C. Gorham's recent visit to Gov. Cleveland was a part of a carefully matured plan of the Stalwart leaders of this state, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. I am sure that in less than two weeks such men as Pierce, Endicott and Forbes, of Massachusetts; Conkling, of New York; Cameron and Quay, of Pennsylvania; Foster, of Ohio, and New, of Indiana, will unite in supporting Cleveland. President Arthur is cognizant of the plan and fully indorses it, although for obvious reasons he will not openly come out against Mr. Blaine. The personal hostility of Blaine and his friends and their want of wisdom in expressing that hostility have caused this movement. The matter has been kept unusually quiet, but will soon be known all over the country. I am personally aware of the truth of this matter, and you may, therefore, prepare for a general rally of the Stalwarts to Cleveland."

There are rogues in politics as there are rogues in business. A man who is a rogue in politics will be found dishonest in his business affairs. We hold there is no exception to this rule. A man who will lie in politics will lie in business transactions with a neighbor and will lie about him, and if he cheats you in politics he will cheat you in your private dealings with him.

There are men who say "there is no honesty in politics"—these are the men who practice it and they will be found conducting their private business affairs upon the same pernicious rule. These men seek office to cheat and plunder, and to gain a position of trust they will flatter and honey-fugle all whom they meet, and try to be "clever fellows," and having gained their point will turn around and cut the throat of the best friend if a further point can be gained by it, because "there is no honesty in politics" with them. They are all things to all men, and have more sides to their faces than Janus of mythology.

Now the reader has come across the flattering scoundrel often, but only to know it when he found himself cheated, taken-in and used by him as a tool for his dishonest political ends. He will pretend to be every ones friend and privately side with you in all your grievances, then step over and be the same to the one who has wronged you and side with him too, and give you away in all the secrets you have given in his confidence, and caution him against telling his gossip further, yet himself is all the time letting it out to every one he meets "confidentially," and pretends to each he is the only one he would trust with his important news.

When you find a man operating thus, mark him, he is having his eye on an office, and is trying to pull the wool over your eyes, until he has your support then he will prove a rogue at the public crib and laugh in his sleeve at having duped you.

His butties are those who believe there is no honesty in politics, and these will assist him in traducing and slandering honest and better men, trying as much as possible to hide their tracks in this kind of work. How often do we find these fellows gain their point, and as a consequence the better material for public positions is left in the rear, because it will not resort to lying, slander, intrigue, bargaining and trading.

These methods are well known; we often hear honestly disposed persons discountenance them, yet they permit themselves to be led away by these tricksters because they "seem so clever," and afterwards find out to their sorrow that they were only rogues in disguise.

The man who has no merit in himself that will lead people to his support, is invariably found resorting to the methods above, which are the bane of politics, and it requires but little foresight to detect at once the man who believes there is no honesty in politics and who will stoop to every thing low, dirty and mean to gain an office, and is one who only goes with a party as long as he sees chances for an office.

Macrama in all shades—Garmans.

WHO WILL VOTE FOR BLAINE NOW?

The missing ones of Blaine's Mulligan letters have been published at last. They were made public on Monday by Warren Fisher and James Mulligan, who say they do it as a duty they owe the people of the country, that all may know the real character of James G. Blaine.

In these letters Blaine settles the matter that he is a corrupt man, and that he used his position in congress for the basest purposes, and having denied before a committee that he had obtained bonds and bribes for his assistance in the Little Rock and Fort Smith railroad job, his letters prove that he lied and that he was bribed and asked to be bribed. The new letters show that Blaine knowing he was guilty of an infamous transaction, asked Mr. Fisher to shield him by writing a letter, a draft of which was made by Blaine himself, but which Mr. Fisher refused to copy, sign and mail to Blaine as his own.

No candidate ever found himself in a more pitiable plight than does Mr. Blaine, as his own letters now show him up. No honest men, after studying the new Mulligan letters, will vote for Mr. Blaine. The letters have caused great consternation among the Republican leaders, and they may find it necessary to withdraw their candidate.

Dorsey is opposed to Cleveland—and why not? Dorsey is the great star-route thief, while Cleveland is a reform Governor.

The prohibition amendment has carried in Maine, according to the latest estimate by 40,000 majority, but a full vote was not polled on the question.

If Blaine had not dodged the majority would have been 40,001.

JUST LIKE BLAINE.

How He Shirked the Prohibition Issue and the Ladies Retreated

New York, Sept. 9.—The *Herald's* Augusta, Maine, special says: Mr Blaine gave out on leaving Augusta, Saturday that he would return Sunday night. He returned only yesterday morning by the last train which he could take and reach the town to vote. He was accompanied by his son Walker, and was met at the station by the exuberant Moody Boynton, who almost embraced him. Otherwise Mr. Blaine's return was the source of no other sensation than that aroused by the curiosity as to whether he would not dodge a vote altogether rather than face the apparent necessity of voting either for or against the prohibition amendment. As it was, with characteristic evasion, and even duplicity, he shirked the issue.

Arriving at 11 in the morning he was driven at once to his home, only some fifty rods from the polling place of his ward. There he remained until 3:30 in the afternoon, thirty minutes before the polls were closed.

Meanwhile, and as soon as the polls were opened, eight or ten most respectable ladies, all, as it happened, wives of Blaine Republicans, appeared at the polling places. They were a committee from the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Augusta, similar committees took their stand at the various polling places of the town. Of the committee for the First ward, in which is Blaine's residence, one Miss Williams was designated to present to Mr. Blaine especially the ballot "Yes" to be voted for the prohibitory amendment. The ladies failed in no instance up to three o'clock in the afternoon to present a similar ballot to each person as he entered the polling place. Other ladies stood over the ballot box itself to see how each ballot was cast. There were two boxes, one for the State and Congressional vote, all the names being on a single ticket, the other for the amendment. Each voter depositing a separate ticket with "Yes" or "No" upon it. By either the law or custom, it is insisted by the poll clerk that the ballot shall be open and not folded. So sedulous were the ladies that no voters should be missed that even the out of town newspaper correspondents had the ballot in favor of the amendment pressed upon them.

At a little after three o'clock, nearly an hour before the polls were closed, and with a heavy rain still falling, these ladies suddenly, and as with one accord, opened their umbrellas and left the place precipitately, trudging through the wet and mud to their homes. It was really as if a comprehensive order had come to them to leave forthwith. The rain was already beginning to slacken, and if they had waited ten minutes not one of their umbrellas would have been dampened.

Whether or not word had been sent to Mr. Blaine that they had gone he appeared at 3:30, walked down the street leaning on Walker Blaine's arm. In the yard in front of the polling place there was gathered perhaps seventy or eighty men, the majority of the Republican office-holders. Mr. Blaine looked neither to the right nor left, speaking hardly to any one and was greeted with no applause. Walking into the house he marched up to the ballot box, having a straight Republican ticket in his hand. Lying in a heap before the box was a number of the amendment tickets, face up. Mr. Blaine, with eyes cast down, voted the straight ticket, passed by the amendment box, waited for Walker to vote, also only the straight ticket, and then left the place. Twenty-five persons or more were in the room. "Dodged, by gosh!" said one Stalwart Democrat; loud enough for him to hear.

SOMETHING OF A CONTRAST.

In the Hocking Valley, in Ohio, ten thousand miners, driven from work by the low price of labor under the beneficent Republican policy so glibly described by Blaine in his windy letter of acceptance, stand in opposition to the law, driven to desperation by starvation. They find their places filled by cheap imported labor, and in their frenzy resort to violence.

Opposed to them are the State troops, called out in compliance with the obligations of the Constitution by the Governor to preserve order. Fortunate it is for the poor suffering miners that Hoadly is Governor. Instead of firing upon them he has reasoned with their leaders, and there seems to be a probability that order will be maintained.

In Washington county, Pennsylvania, there are nearly a hundred coal miners in jail, preferring that humiliating life to the starvation wages offered them.

Four years ago this summer Mr Frank Jones, Blaine's National Chairman, and the originator of imported contract labor, scattered broadcast among the laboring population of Western Pennsylvania his declaration that "Hancock's election meant idleness, pauper wages and the Poor House," and that "Garfield's election meant steady work, better wages and prosperity." What is the situation to day? Let the workingmen ask himself in the dearly light of his recent and present experience. Is it not time for him to think of a change? Can he be worse off?

Commenting on the unfortunate and pitiable condition of the Hocking miners, the New York *World* puts some strong facts in this way.

Are the Hocking miners alone in their misery? Alas, no! Everywhere we hear of reduced wages and discharged hands, and the tenement houses in New York are filled with unemployed but willing workmen whose families are pinched by want. It is a sad and discouraging sight. But turn the kaleidoscope of beneficent Republican policy, and what do you see?

President Arthur at New Port, seated on the box of a handsome English "drag" or figuring at a sumptuous dinner or ball at the Casino. Ex-President Grant, free from the embarassments of a fraudulent bankruptcy under benign Republican laws, driving a splendid team, which escaped attachment, along the Jersey roads. Secretary Chandler cruising and carousing on a Government war vessel, the successor of the wine-soaked and overturned Tallapoosa. Vanderbilt, the king of a grand Republican monopoly, driving his fast horses or picking his teeth on the hotel balcony at Saratoga. Gould, the beneficiary of Republican legislation, sailing sweetly in his magnificent steam yacht. Field, the fast friend Mulligan Blaine, speeding in a palace car on a special train to California. Blaine drinking in soft breezes and adulation at highly aristocratic Bar Harbor. Ben Butler, flaunting with diamonds, sailing on his own yacht or traveling by special trains with his velvets. Brewster fanning himself at the West End among the fashionables of Long Branch. Eno selecting a palace for his Toronto residence before he starts on his European trip. Fish luxuriating in his elegantly furnished Mystic flat. Villard traveling in Europe. The philanthropic Seney enjoying his country residence and sending his family across the Atlantic.

Turn the rasca's out.

GOV. CURTIN ENDORSED BY LABORING MEN.

Dubois, Pa., Sept. 10.—At a meeting of the Miners' and Laborers' Amalgamated Association of the Fourth District to-day ex-Governor Curtin was unanimously endorsed for re-election to congress, regardless of party, by the laborers and miners of this district.

MR. BRETT NOT SICK.

It gives us pleasure to publish the following note from Mr. Brett, Democratic nominee for Prothonotary:

ED. REPORTER:—It has been rumored through the county that I am in such very poor health. I would say that I have been to see a physician and he gave me all the encouragement I could ask. I feel as well at present as I have at any time for two years. Yours truly,

R. G. BRETT.

Pine Grove Mills, Sept. 15.

Neal Dow spent the week before the Maine election explaining to his Prohibition friends that Blaine was a Prohibitionist. Now he is explaining his explanation.—*Times.*

THE RESULT IN MAINE.

Portland, Me., Sept. 11.—A special to the "Press" from Augusta says: The total vote of the state will reach 132,410 and Robie's majority over Redman 20,615.

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR PEACE.

Changes of climate diet and water, oftimes atmospheric changes alone, will subject some member of the family to cholera morbus, dysentery, etc., when that wail of misery is in the "wee sma' hours of the night" announce the fact, and you are sent from your comfortable bed across lots or down back alleys for a doctor, 'twould be a good time to reflect that had you secured a bottle of Curtis' Carmelite Cordial in time, you could with a few drops have headed off the attack, saved a doctor's bill, and secured a peaceful night's rest. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded.

For sale by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
17a2 Philadelphia Agents.

Try Ayer's Pills and be cured. Misery is a mild word to describe the mischief to body and mind caused by habitual constipation. The regular use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills in mild doses will restore the torpid viscera to healthy action.

PROLONGING LIFE.

It was during the darkness of the Middle Ages, ripe with fanaticism and superstition, that the most absurd ideas of witchcraft, horoscopes, chiromancy, and empirical panaceas for the prolongation of life first became disseminated. The philosopher's stone and elixir of life were then vaunted by the alchemists. Foremost among the prolongers of life we find Paracelsus, an alchemist of great renown, and a man of considerable attainments. He claimed to have discovered the elixir of life. So great was his influence that even the learned Erasmus did not disdain to consult him. Patients and pupils flocked around him from every quarter of Europe. Notwithstanding his famous "stone of immoriality," he died at the age of 50. His vaulted elixir was a kind of sulphur similar to compound sulphuric ether. Nevertheless, to the researches of Paracelsus we are indebted for our primary knowledge of mercury, which he was the first to use as a medicine. About this epoch one Leonard Thurneysser attained worldwide celebrity as an astrologer and and nativity caster. He was a physician, printer, bookseller, and horoscopist all in one. He professed that, by the aid of astrology, he could not only predict future events but likewise prolong life. He published yearly an astrological calender, describing the nature of the forthcoming year and its chief events. His calendar and other quackeries enabled him to amass the sum of 1,000 florins. He declared that every man lay under the influence of a certain star, by which his destiny was ruled. On ascertaining from what planet a person's misfortunes or sickness proceeded, he advised his patient to remove his residence within the control of a more propitious luminary. In short, to escape from the influence of a malignant to a more friendly satellite was the basis of his theory.

ENVELOPE-MAKING.

The process of manufacturing envelopes is apparently simple, although in reality complicated. True there are only three distinct operations to be gone through with—the cutting, gumming and folding, but the blending of the last two operations into one makes necessary the use of a complex machine. There is nothing remarkable in the first part of the operation. The paper, as it comes from the factories, is cut in squares or diagonals measuring thirty or forty inches, special diagonal shapes being chosen for particular cutting-dies, in order to save waste which would follow from the sheet not being especially adapted to the die. Each sheet will average thirteen envelopes, which are cut out by dies of innumerable sizes and shapes, but all verging on the diamond, five hundred sheets being placed on the presses at a time. In spite of all precautions there is a waste of two pounds in every forty. The folding and running machines are now brought into use, and no more fascinating occupation can be found for a while than to watch their lightning-like motions as they turn out finished envelopes at the rate of seventy-five a minute. Each of these machines requires no other attendant than a girl who receives the envelopes as they are forced out, binds them and packs them into boxes. Six of the machines are used entirely for papetries, five for gumming, folding and printing at the same time, and the rest for plain commercial envelopes to the packers in lots counted out to suit.

FAMILY TIES OF COMETS.

There is a family of comets attending in a sense on Jupiter, and another family attending similarly on Saturn, precisely as we should expect them to do if originally expelled from these planets. After such expulsion, though free to pass away forever from their parent planets, they would not be free to pass away from the solar system. They would be thenceforth attendant on the sun, but with this peculiarity, that no matter what perturbations they underwent, their paths would always pass near to the path of their parent planet. Even if in some future circuit a comet of this sort came quite close—as it very well might—to the planet it originally started from, it would still, though very much disturbed, follow a path possessing this characteristic, however different from the path which it had before traversed. After many millions of years, indeed, it might happen, perchance, that resistance encountered in its movement around the sun, however ineffective to affect its orbit appreciably in a few thousands of years, would reduce the span of its circuit. But even then it would still be possible to classify a comet whose orbit had been so changed with the family of comets to which it had originally belonged.

☞ Perfection.—The scarlet, cardinal red, old gold, navy blue, seal brown, Diamond Dyes give perfect results. Any fashionable color, 10c a; druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

HOW TO LIVE.

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-sworn steadfast oath,
And to thy heart be true thy heart:
What thy soul teaches learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part;
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow;
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,
And let thy feet be lured to stray
Now hither, but be swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way,
Until at last the end is won,
And thou may'st look back from thy place
And see thy long day's journey done.

A STRANGE STORY.

"Jack!" "Well?" "That is a pretty little island down off Hamish." "Y-e-s." "Just the spot to while away a few days this abominable weather."

"Y-e-s, but you see I have to go to Hale."

"The——" It was abominable weather; it was an effort to me to drawl the words, but Penraven was crisp enough.

"I—I beg your pardon," he broke off abruptly; "the fact is, I am disappointed, Jack. How long will it take you to go to Hale and back?"

I was not in a laughing mood, but, despite me a laugh broke from my lips.

"That depends, I'een—that depends. It is easy enough to go to Hale, but the getitng back—rather the way I may come back—is what troubles me just now. But you can judge Penraven."

I pulled the odlous scrap of paper from my pocket, and tossed it over to him.

"My dear Jack—Mabel Grant is again at Hale. For the last time I beg you to go and call on her. You are not obliged to make love to her though if you only could—Jack, Jack, think of a steady million and a girl like Mabel Grant!

"By the way, I hear she caught a glimpse of you at Hamish, and went mad in love with you. Oh, Jack—Jack! But this is the last, the very last, from your still hopeful sister, RAY."

He read, it he dropped it, and he sat and looked and looked at me.

"I suppose I am in for it, Pen. If I really believed this note the last of Ray, I would not take a step to Hale. But I know it is one simply of a series I have received regularly for a month past, I will receive to-morrow, for ever, so long as Mabel Grant is a single woman. And now she has seen fit to fall in love with me——"

"She——"

That other word burst suddenly from Dick Penraven's lips with a force to make me start and stare in my hardest fashion.

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you, Paul? You are little like the man——"

But the odd look in his face changed suddenly to a smile. In his old jaunty way he interrupted me:

"The old fellow. I should say Jack. But it was quite too much for me—the thought of you marrying Mabel Grant.

"And why?"

"Such a fellow as you to marry Mabel Grant."

"And why? You know her? What on earth are you driving at? I could only jerk the words and stare at him.

"Why? You do not know her, that is evident. I will cast you her photograph. A girl—a blonde they call her—yes, a decided blonde, for her eyes are the palest of china blue, bulging saucers on the grandest scale; her hair flaxy frizzly, almost the tint of her skin, where the thick sown freckles will let it show. Add to this her nose, midway 'twixt point and pug, her thick waist, her lengthy fingers—but surely Jack, it is enough. I should dislike to see you the husband of such a girl. Come give over this business, and go with me to Islet."

I regarded him a moment, silent. He was a disappointed boy, I knew; I knew to what lengths such a thing might drive him—to what a length! The words flashed back to me, and I laughed. Yet the serious earnest look on Dick Penraven's face forbade a doubt; I did not doubt though oddily, that same moment I made up my mind.

"No I shall go down to Hale," I said.

"After this?"

"Yes. To satisfy Ray and have it over. Of course I shall not love her, Pen. But good bye; I'm off at once."

"Yes, but Jack—"

I laughed again: Dick Penraven's protesting voice was lost in the hearty peals brought of his description as I walked away. "If you only could?" They came again as Ray's words flashed back: altogether there was truth in it, I thought.

I was beginning to take a strange interest in Mabel Grant. It had been my year long desire to fall in love unthinkingly, naturally, as was my notion of the thing. Until this I had resisted the many crafty machinations of my more practically-minded sister, until this, secretly unto my odd hope, I had resisted womankind. And—I had not fallen in love; I was twenty-eight years old next birthday, and I was not yet in love. But, altogether, I was beginning to take a strange interest in this girl—a sudden fascinating desire to see her which I had never felt to see a girl before. Could it be I was to fall in love with her? The question came to me as I left the cars at the little station, and walked on to Mabel Grant. With it—the picture. It was not a pleasant one, but fate was fate, and stranger things had chanced. I did not laugh again: I could not help a very shudder as I stepped upon the pretty vine-clad porch at Hale, and rang my entrance to her.

"Miss Grant?"

"Yes."

I had a fancy I would find Dick at Islet, so I took the night-boat thither. I must find him, at all events; some way speedily I must be revenged on him for the grim trick he had played, and—other things. For that was a pretty, dark eyed girl who had come down to me that day at Hale to be stared at as my astonished eyes had never stared at girl before.

"Miss Grant?"

"Yes; and you, I presume, are Mrs. Geoffrey Godley's brother. I have heard a great deal of you from Mrs. Geoffrey, and—I am very happy to meet you, Mr. Dare."

A pretty girl, but I did not fall in love with her after that first moment of amazement, she was as other girls to me. Worse, I scarce heard what she said; I barely looked at her; as quickly as decency would permit I went away. I had but one set of sensations as I walked back to the train; odd things—growing grief, bitterness for the loss of Mabel Grant, wild longings for the saucer eyes, the flaxy, frizzly locks, the sum total of that unpleasing picture at which—fate and I had laughed. It grew a fascination; for the first, myth as it were, it moved a passion in my soul which made me mad for it.

A thought quickly joined thereto—the thought of Dick Penraven. It was his joke; to this state he had brought me; in some way I must be revenged on him.

How?

It was a little sail to Islet, but every moment I sat and pondered the momentous questions, and, for all my abstraction, casting frequent glances at the fair girl sitting near me, seemingly, like me, lost in dreams. She interested me, despite it; she grew to me oddily—the more each moment—a beautiful Mabel Grant, if such a thing might be.

"She——"

There had come no pain to me, no light, till, with the sharp grating of the boat in the dock at Islet, two words flashed to tell me all, to give me all the maddest man could ask to thwart a foe. It was so plain. I laughed gleefully as I followed my beautiful Mabel Grant up the quay. Pen was in love with the pretty girl; through fear, through jealousy; to dissuade me from seeking her, he had invented his little tale. It was no wonder in my mood. I laughed under the sudden delighted fancy that I could make the pretty girl in love with me. I could do it, I would; I would go back and spare no time, no pains, till I had revenged myself on Dick Penraven and made Mabel Grant my wife.

It was a little matter to be a fool upon what I was till now an unstirred soul. The bells of Islet were striking ten as involuntarily I turned upon the wharf. I would go immediately back to town, to Hale, the first thing on the morrow, but, unfortunately, the route from Islet left me out in its provisions—there was no boat till morning, there was naught but to walk back to the little inn on the crest above.

Light brought no calmer mood. Early I was astir, and rushed down the cliff in a most disordered state of toilet at the warning whistle of a boat, which left even earlier than I thought. But it chanced there was a curve, and it chanced that, darting round it, I came upon a white-robed creature with such force as to dash the flowers she had been plucking out of her hands. I knew her at a glance; it was—my beautiful Mabel Grant. But that fantasy I had quite forgotten; even for courtesy I did not care. I was making a mad plunge past her, when the sudden view of the steamer gliding serenely out of the dock brought me to a frowning standstill.

She raised her soft, pretty eyes to mine.

"I am sorry you have lost your boat."

The voice was like them; it shamed me down at once.

"O, not at all, not at all—isn't of the slightest consequence," I stammered, starting eagerly for the scattered flowers. "You live about Islet miss,"

It was unintentionally impudent; it was absurd; but the white-robed creature only smiled.

"We took a cottage here only yesterday. I am out early, perhaps, you think; but I am on my way to meet Cousin Nell, who comes down by the first boat this morning."

"Oh!——" I scarcely know what I answered; there was a strange feeling coming over me as I placed the last flower in her pretty hand, and unthinkingly walked along beside her.

"Bulging saucers, flaxy frizzly——"

There was a laugh in my heart at the unpleasing picture suddenly floating back to me—a laugh which the fair, sweet face beside me kept back from my lips. And then—I do not know how it was all a mystery, a wonder, as we walked along, breaking by degrees from the beaten path as this or that bright flower won her, while I looked into her eyes and thought only how beautiful they were; to laugh again inwardly at the bulging saucers of my cherished myth—all, only, until suddenly we emerged again to see the boat at the dock, and a tall, boyish figure hurrying up the path to us.

"Dick!"

It was a gasp more than a word; she turned not to him, but me, with a guilty, frightened air.

"I did not think," she went on faintly. "I never think. And I am afraid it may be all very dreadful, for Dick is so—so——"

It was a moment of amazement, of flashing revelation, as a tall figure strode up closely, and a set angry face looked into mine.

"And, pray, may I ask what you are doing here with Mabel Grant?"

I could make no answer, I could only stare from him to her. A long minute, silently, till—a fresh vision rose beside me. I turned to see the dark eyes of that girl of yesterday smiling down at me.

"Mabel!"

"Yes; but, Nellie cousin, I do not care, I say."

"When a man resorts to such means ——"

"But I tell you I do not care. I love him and I shall marry him all the same."

I sat below the cliff at Islet hearing the talk of two above. Two weeks had passed, but I had not gone away; I had staid, employing every possible moment for the winning of the love of a girl. I loved so madly I could see no bar between. For the time had come; that startling moment of the morning it had flashed on me, to grow ere the sunset a living thing of madness from which I could not be moved.

It was a sweet, simple fact; I was in love at last with Mabel Grant. It mattered not that I saw that very moment where her heart was fixed, that she was so far removed from me as though she were dead. For there was this hard fact to thwart me. That same day I went to Hale Penraven had chanced upon her on the street, despite had made a passionate proposal, and had come down to Islet her accepted lover. But it mattered not; e'en the more eagerly I strove for the love of this girl I loved so madly, I could see no bar between.

I stopped at nothing. I was mean. I was contemptible, now I know; but I did not know it then or I did not care. This was, at last, the little note I sent her:

"Her eyes the palest of china blue, bulging saucers on the grandest scale; her hair flaxy-frizzly, almost the tint of her skin where the thick sown freckles will let it show. Add to this her nose, midway 'twixt point and pug; her thick waist, her lengthy fingers, etc., Miss Grant. This is what your lover said of you."

It was a last desperate stroke, but surely it would touch her; no girl could stand words like these from man. So I exulted, never more madly than that moment. The coming day I sat beneath the cliff, to hear the sudden burst of voices just above me, to hear—my just punishment—that she had told him all; that she had believed his explanation, that she yet loved Dick Penraven.

"I shall marry him all the same."

It was the end: the voices died and the passing steps. The end of Mabel Grant. What that meant for me, I thought, as I sat a bit and shivered. As I rose wearily and followed, to wander through the glens of Islet, how long I know not, each moment more wearily, more desperately, till at last unconsciously nearing the little inn upon the crest, a faint voice broke in upon me:

"Mr. Dare!"

I turned to see the pretty, dark-eyed girl who had so confused me the other day.

"I—I am so sorry," she went on, strangely; "I tried my best, but I could not help it. They have gone off to be married, Mr. Dacre."

"Yes?" It was the one word I could gasp; but, despite my pain, I could but stare at the working face.

"Yes; and I tried so hard because I know you did not want it; because—because I knew you would feel so badly, though a man is a fool, Mr. Dare when he—when he——"

I look back often to wonder at that moment. It was certainly a very strange thing that I did; a man with an ache in his heart for one woman—one woman in the world. But here was a girl unconsciously baring her heart to me, and it grew so suddenly sweet that some one on this earth loved me—this girl at my side so suddenly an essential; I could not for the life of me have staid the words upon my lips:

"When he knows someone else loves him so! It was in your soul to say it—you know it was, Miss Grant. Would you be willing to—to forgive me, and to—marry me some day?"

She stared, she struggled a good bit, I could see, ere in that blessed way she broke down and answered softly:

"I—I know I ought not to, Mr. Dare. I ought not, but it was all a mistake, and it was I fell in love with you that day at Hamish; I ought not—to have passed myself off as Mable. that other day, but I could not help it, and—and——"

"And?"

It was certainly a very strange thing that I did.

"You are a fool. You could have married Mabel Grant if you had chosen, and—this is the last I shall do for you."

This was the text of the note I received from Mrs. Geoffrey Godley the morning after Penraven's wedding. A strange story; but I laughed aloud as I went down to Nell in the little parlor. I was already a very happy—fool!

Electric Lights.

There are two kinds of electric lights, wholly different in principle, in brilliancy, in appearance and in the mode of use. A writer in one of the daily papers, explaining the difference to an inquiring correspondent, writes:

The distinguishing difference, to an ordinary observer, between arc and incandescent electric lights may, I think be briefly stated thus: Arc lights burn in the open air, with carbon stickers or pencils, the very points or ends of which are heated to a white heat and gradually consumed. Such are our street lights. Incandescent lights, on the contrary, are produced inside small glass globes of various shapes, from which the air has been exhausted. These lights are caused by the passage of electricity through a fine resisting wire or thread (usually bent for convenience into the form of a horse-shoe), which is thereby raised into a white or incandescent heat, without being consumed, on account of the absence of air. If the air leaks in, the filament immediately burns up, and "that is the end on't." The term "arc" is an old one, adopted years ago, referring to the supposed shape of an electric spark in passing from one carbon point to the other.

Rome in the last Century.

It was a labyrinth of winding streets, unlighted, unnamed and unnumbered. Every trade kept to its special locality, and, in lack of show fronts, advertised its wares by painted signs and emblems. Cattle were herded in the Coliseum and Forum, and the Arch of Constantine was half buried in the earth. Justice was adminostered with barbaric ferocity. It was a common sight to see unlucky coachmen publicly tortured in the Corso for no worse guilt than that of driving through the streets during the hours reserved for carnival frolics; and the erection of the gallows on the Piazza del Popolo, the first Saturday in carnival, was, in fact, the signal of the opening of the season for public sports. And, the condemned criminals dispatched, the hangman's assistants would presently join the gay crowd in the Corso disguised as clowns and pantaloons. Down to the first year of the present century malefactors were quartered and burned on the Campo del Flori, and for many years later the pillory and the wooden horse remained familiar objects in other parts of Rome, although both were temporarily abolished during Napoleonic rule.

—England's Royal Family costs that country about $5,000,000 annually.

How Pictures Are Painted.

"Now," said a Detroit artist to a reporter of that city, in answer to a query how to paint a picture, "to start at the very beginning you must have a canvas and a pine frame. These form the ground work of the picture. The canvas overlaps the frame and is drawn taut and tacked down perfectly smooth. For fear lest the frame should give somewhat, you had better have about eight thin pieces of wood, called keys, to fit into the frame and thus keep the canvas always tightly stretched. Now you must have a number of fine camels' hair brushes of assorted sizes and with long wooden handles; a palette, as we call the flat glaced board with a thumb-hole and a notch for the hand to rest easily and retain the brushes. Next and most important of all, you want some charcoal penciils and oil paints of various colors. Now you have all the materials any well-regulated painter needs, except an easel or frame on which to place your stretched canvas at the height most convenient to you.

"Well, now, let's begin work. Take your charcoal pencil and on the white surface of the canvas trace out as carefully as you can the design which you intend to paint, preserving the distances by making the lines heavy or light, as you wish an object to appear in the foreground or rear. Of course, what is known as aerial perspective cannot be delineated so well, for your paints and their varying shades are needed to fix these. Now your lines are in and you see what you are going to work at. Don't be afraid to rub out a faulty point and fix it over again. You may have to work for a day or more at the charcoal sketch, but it's better to have the groundwork perfect than to attempt to correct errors when you lay in the paints. Now take your paints and squeeze out of the little cases some colors which will blend in a faint neutral tint. Mix these on your palette and work in your outlines in these neutral tints. Now use your first colors, looking mainly to the masses of light and shade with a general perception of tints. Don't hurry, above all things. Now get back from your picture and examine the general effect. Ten to one you will find something wrong, some line out of place or some massing that does not suit. Take your brush and correct it carefully, going over the bad place a dozen times if it need be.

"Well, now you have your picture pretty well under way. So far all of us work about alike. At this point the difference begins. Some artists, having laid in the groundwork, begin painting the far off objects first and gradually work down to the front. Of course you understand that I am speaking of the perspective, and by the far off objects mean those which should appear dim and indistinct. You follow my plan and let's see what the result will be. We will first perfect our light and shade. This brings relief in the picture and gives you a working idea of what you are after. When you have covered the whole canvas with the broad colors you have finished the easiest part of your work. The petty but all important details must be gone through with. My plan is always to fix in my mind some salient point, and having brought this out in the exact shade and breadth of coloring required to fix that point in just the position I desire, I begin on the next most important point. So I gradually work from the most important down. After the great effects have been portrayed to your satisfaction you find a detail here and the small point there that must be touched up and toned down. The harder you work the more you have to do, and it sometimes seems as though the work was interminable. You must work for light and shade and proportion in everything, and very often a tint may not be just the one you want. Then you have got to try again. Sometimes I have been forced to try a dozen times on one single little detail before I got anything like satisfaction. Even then the fault which I have to contend with is harshness and coldness.

"A painter's genius is very often liable to run him into difficulties. A certain amount of innate talent may be good enough, but hard work is better. Rubens had a fault of always making his women too bulky. His idea of beauty was a large figure, and in that he was superb, but nearly every one of Rubens' figures are the same. Again, almost every one of the great masters was lacking in finish of some detail. Place them in the nineteenth century and the chances are about even that they would be torn to pieces by critics. One of the greatest troubles of a painter is a certain, often unknown but nearly always existent, tendency to exaggerate and too highly embellish one part of a picture at the expense of others. A sculptor can go around his marble, proportion each part by measurement and come to mathematical exactitude, but an artist cannot. An artist may be misled by his eye or his appreciation, but from his standpoint he may be perfectly correct. A connoisseur sees the work, and without understanding the artist's motive finds fault. It's much easier to blame than to correct. One thing I want to impress on you is this—be not discouraged by a failure. Rub out bad points and try and try again until you get them exact. All great artists have built up fame on failures. How long does it take me to paint a picture? Well, that depends. Some work I take hold upon when the inclination seizes me exactly, and I will finish a neat piece in a few hours. Other studies occupy me a week or a month before I feel satisfied to trust them to public criticism. It usually takes me a day of good hard work to paint in the general effects and a week to finish the details ready for the glazing.

"As for pastelles, that work is the worst of any of the various branches of art work. We use find card board or soft paper of a peculiar quality not made here and chalks of three grades and all colors. Well, we sketch in the outline as in an oil or water color. Then taking the softer chalks we rub them over the surface and with the palm of the hand rub the chalk in thoroughly. Then I put on the local tints, rubbing them in with the palm of the hand if broad effects are to be produced or with one or the other fingers when a delicate point is to be brought out. The more faint and pronounced tints are fashioned with harder chalks and touched up with an ivory pencil. The grass and lines are put in by irregular dashes and toned down. The best crayons are made by Lefranc of Paris. To my mind many beautiful and softly clear effects may be produced by the pastelle that an oil painting cannot give."

Ghost Stories.

A few months ago a young English artist, who we will call Mr. B——, went down to the country seat of Lord X—— to pay that gentleman a visit. The house was very full, but he was accorded a handsome and comfortable chamber, apparently one of the best in the house. He remained for three days, the only noticeable feature about his visit being that each night he was troubled by a horrible dream. He dreamed that he was suddenly awakened by the entrance of some person into his room, and that, on looking around, he saw the apartment brightly illuminated, while at the window stood an old lady richly dressed, in the act of throwing something out. Her task accomplished, she turned her face towards the amazed spectator, showing a countenance so distorted with evil passions, so hideous in its expression of wickedness, that it thrilled his soul with terror. Then the light, and the dreadful old woman disappeared together, leaving the artist to imagine that he had been tormented by a frightful nightmare. But on returning to London his imagination was so haunted by that fearful countenance, thrice seen amid the watches of night, that he made a sketch of it, which so conveyed the evil expression and revolting aspect of the midnight hag as to horrify everybody to whom he showed it. One day the artist went to pay a call on Lord X——, and that gentleman took him into his picture gallery to show him some remarkable family portraits. Among those, what was the painter's surprise to recognize in the likeness of a well-dressed and stately old lady the features of his dream visitant, minus the revolting and wicked expression. "I have seen that lady," was his involuntary exclamation as his eyes rested on the portrait. "Indeed;" said Lord X——, smiling. "That is hardly possible, since she died over a hundred years ago. She was the second wife of my great grandfather, and was anything but a credit to the family, for she was strongly suspected of having murdered her husband's son by his first marriage in order to make her own son the heir to the property. The unfortunate boy broke his neck in a fall from one of the windows of our country seat, and there is but little doubt of his having been precipitated from the window by his step-mother." The artist then related the circumstances of his thrice-repeated dream, and sent for his sketch, which, so far as features went, was identical with the portrait in Lord X——'s gallery. He afterward caused the sketch to be photographed, and the lady who told me the story said that she had herself seen the photograph, and that the face had haunted her afterward for days.

A year ago an American gentleman died suddenly while traveling in Europe during the summer, and his remains were deposited in a receiving vault to await the approach of cold weather before they were transported to the United States. Some time before the body arrived in America, one of the deceased's business agents had a very vivid dream, in which he saw his defunct employer standing by his bedside. "I am come," said the vision, "to tell you that the coffin in which my corpse has been inclosed is entirely too large to be gotten through the door of our family vault. You must have part of the doorway taken down before the funeral, else a very vexatious delay in the ceremonies will ensue." Of course the gentleman was far too strong-minded to take so extreme a step as that of causing the doorway of the vault to be partly demolished in obedience to the promptings of a dream. But when the body arrived the coffin was found to be far too large for the entrance, and all the annoying incidents that had been predicted in the dream did really take place. For the truth of the above story I can myself vouch, as I know all the parties.

"I'll Loaf Along."

Other nations love to picture Americans as rushing up and down with so much steam that a funeral procession cannot check business for an instant. It is claimed that we eat too fast, sleep too little, rush too hard, and that young men of 28 are all broken down with the excitement of business.

At 1 o'clock the other afternoon a boy about twelve years of age halted on the southeast corner of Griswold and Larned streets, and flung down his coat and yelled:

"Hey, there—let 'er come!"

Before he had spit on his hands at least fifteen people had come to a stop. In about two minutes another boy had flung down his coat on the northwest corner of the same street and yelled:

"Look out—she's coming!"

By this time the crowd had increased to twenty. The last boy threw a ball to the first, and the first boy threw it back. It was simply throw and catch. It was a sight as common as nail-heads in the sidewalk. There was no slight of hand—nothing thrilling—no chance for accident, and yet seventy-five people came to a dead stop for ten minutes. Among them were lawyers who had cases on call, bank messengers with their portfolios, wholesale merchants, and indeed all clases of business were represented. A policeman finally came up and asked one after another what the matter was, but no one answered. He ordered the boys off, and they had nothing to remark. It was a man who had taken a seat on the Post-office steps sixteen minutes previously who slowly rose up, brushed off the dust, and observed to a friend:

"Well, I've got to go to the bank and get $9,000 to pay our men off this afternoon, and I guess I'll loaf along."

THE author of the "Little Brown Jug" was probably in a jugular vein, when he wrote that sometimes popular ditty.

Sleeplessness.

"Insomnia," remarked an elderly physician of the old school to a reporter, "is a perpetual puzzle to me."

"How so?"

"Well, sleep being not only a natural condition, but a necessity, we find nature furnishing all the conditions to induce sleep, not only in health, but in disease, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred—but the hundreth case is the mystery. Why, sir," said the doctor warmed into professional enthusiasm, "when you see how quickly and easily men adapt themselves to most unnatural and artificial conditions of life—working by night and sleeping by day; sleeping with the clink of the forge, the jar and clash of machinery, or the shrill whistle of escaping steam in their ears, and waking with a start at any unfamiliar sound, or at the cessation of the accustomed racket—it seems as though man could never suffer from sleeplessness."

"But will not excessive fatigue explain sleep under such trying circumstances?"

"Not satisfactorily. "I am too tired to sleep' is a common complaint; while in one case, that of a night-watchman in a bank, a cripple who has not probably done a day's work in a dozen years, the man sleeps with his ear close to the incessant buzz and whizz of the burglar alarm and has twice been aroused only to find a tramp or drunkard asleep on the steps outside the bank. Once, after I had been treating him with a medicine that slightly affected his hearing, this watchman complained bitterly that he was getting too deaf to sleep, and declared that he was kept awake by not hearing the burglar alarm distinctly.

"When you realize that the strongest man may, in spite of his will, be reduced to the blind helplessness of slumber by the droning of a friendly bore, an accumulation of foul air, or the temperature of the weather, it becomes still more mysterious to me how slight a thing will murder sleep, and work measureless mischief to mind and body."

"Perhaps," suggested the experienced reporter, "an unquiet conscience, domestic anxieties, or an unpaid debt ——"

"Fudge!" retorted the doctor, "I have seen a man sleep soundly and tranquilly up to within an hour of his own hanging; I have seen my brother fall asleep while waiting for his mother-in-law—a peculiarly wide awake anxiety she is, too—and I should not be sorry if a careless debtor were sometimes kept awake; but you can lay down no rule in these cases except that each man is a rule to himself.

"The various eccentricities and whimsical fancies of the men and women who suffer from wakefulness defy all rule, and would be amusing if they were not so dangerous to the patient and so discouraging to the doctor. There are many persons who cannot sleep on the left side, others who must have their heads point to some pet quarter of the compass, patients who demand noise, like the ticking of a clock, and others who require perfect silence to enable them to fall asleep. What, for instance, do you think of a woman who cannot, or will not, sleep in a room carpeted with anything except straw matting, and who cannot sleep in the same room more than ten consecutive nights? I am assured and believe that she has faithfully tried, again and again, to exceed this ten-night limit; that the eleventh night is invariably sleepless, the twelfth excited, hysierical perhaps, the next worse, and so on, until on two occasions when I have been called, I can assure you that her condition was too critical to admit of a suspicion of malingering."

"Are women more subject to it than men?"

"Not in my experience, nor is it confined to the physically or mentally weak among men. A well-known athlete has assured me that, after training for some important event, he used often to be thrown out of condition by sleeplessness for several nights preceding the trial of strength, until he discovered that he could always sleep if the closet door in his chamber were set wide open. Even now in traveling, if he occupies a room without a closet, he is certain to lose his night's sleep.

"A grave and self-contained Judge," continued the physician, "every night ties a black thread tightly round the big toe of his left foot—the right won't do at all—and, with judicial gravity, claims this as a certain cure for what he used to call his 'night fits;' while a classmate of mine at college, now an eminent and eloquent clergyman, once confided to me with much self-reproach and perturbation of mind, that whenever he had an attack of sleeplessness he became at once possessed by an irresistable temptation to say 'damn,' and, that, cabalistic word once uttered, his unrest vanished and sleep came at once. 'Think,' said he to me solemnly, but with a twinkle in his eye, 'of a minister of the Gospel becoming irresponsibly profane, for want of something to put him to put him to sleep, when he has a desk full of old sermons in the house."

"Irresponsibly profane?" we repeated.

"Quite so. Mandsley declares insomnia to be a frequent cause of insanity, and I am inclined to regard it as one of the most obscure of mental diseases."

"And the cure?"

"Well, there is a grim humor about giving a restless man the 'active principal of hops' to put him to sleep, but, as for permanent cure, the most satisfactory cures are those queer fancies of the patients themselves. They may be absurd and irrational, but they are lasting, and taste better than most medicines.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney. Nine bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and twenty inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

To make black aniline ink dissolve five parts of nigrosin in 100 parts of water, and if the solution is very blue add a few drops of a watery solution of a Bismarck brown. An addition of 5 per cent. of glycerine makes this ink suitable for copying purposes.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A Young Girl's Dementia—How it was Occasioned—Some New and Startling Truths.

The St. Louis express, on the New York Central road, was crowded one evening recently, when at one of the way stations, an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, entered the cars and finally secured a seat. As the conductor approached the pair, the young lady arose, and in a pleading voice said:

"Please, sir, don't let him carry me to the asylum. I am not crazy; I am a little tired, but not mad. Oh! no indeed. Won't you please have papa take me back home?"

The conductor, accustomed though he was to all phases of humanity, looked with astonishment at the pair as did the other passengers in their vicinity. A few words from the father, however, sufficed, and the conductor passed on while the young lady turned her face to the window. The writer chanced to be seated just behind the old gentleman and could not forego the desire to speak to him. With a sad face and a trembling voice the father said:

"My daughter has been attending the seminary in a distant town and was succeeding remarkably. Her natural qualities, together with a great ambition, placed her in the front ranks of the school, but she studied too closely, was not careful of her health, and her poor brain has been turned. I am taking her to a private asylum where we hope she will soon be better."

At the next station the old man and his daughter left the cars, but the incident, so suggestive of Shakspeare's Ophelia, awakened strange thoughts in the mind of the writer. It is an absolute fact that while the population of America increased thirty per cent. during the decade between 1870 and 1880 the insanity increase was *one hundred and thirty five per cent* for the same period. Travelers by rail, by boat, or in carriages in any part of the land see large and elaborate buildings and inquire what they are?

Insane asylums!

Who builds them?

Each state; every county; hundreds of private individuals, and in all cases their capacity is taxed to the utmost.

Why?

Because men, in business and professions, women, at home or in society, and children at school overtax their mental and nervous forces by work, worry and care. This brings about nervous disorders, indigestion and eventually mania.

It is not always trouble with the head that causes insanity. It far oftener arises from evils in other parts of the body. The nervous system detemines the status of the brain. Any one who has periodic headaches; occasional dizziness; a dimness of vision; a ringing in the ears; a feverish head; frequent nausea or a sinking at the pit of the stomach, should take warning at once. The stomach and head are in direct sympathy and if one be impaired the other can never be in order. Acute dyspepsia csuses more insane suicides than any other known agency and the man, woman or child whose stomach is deranged is not and cannot be safe from the coming on at any moment of mania in some one of its many terrible forms.

The value of moderation and the imperative necessity of care in keeping the stomach right must therefore be clear to all. The least appearance of indigestion, or mal-assimilation of food should be watched as carefully as the first approach of an invading army. Many means have been advocated for meeting such attacks, but all have heretofore been more or less defective. There can be little doubt, however, that for the purpose of regulating the stomach, toning it up to proper action, keeping the nerves in a normal condition and purifying the blood, Warner's Tippecanoe The Best, excels all ancient or recent discoveries. It is absolutely pure and vegetable; it is certain to add vigor to adults, while it cannot by any possibility injure even a child. The fact that it was used in the days of the famous Harrison family is proof positive of its merit as it has so thoroughly withstood the test of time. As a tonic and revivifier it is simply wonderful. It has relieved the agony of the stomach in thousands of cases; soothed the tired nerves; produced peaceful sleep and averted the coming on of a mania more to be dreaded than death itself.

PRESERVED TOMATOES.—Take ripe, but not soft, little yellow tomatoes and pour boiling water over them to take off the skins. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar to one of tomatoes, putting in only enough water to dissolve the sugar. Take three lemons to each seven pounds of tomatoes; slice, and put in the syrup, first removing the seeds. When the syrup is boiled clear put in the tomatoes and boil gently three-quarters of an hour.

GINGER CORDIAL is made of four pounds of red or white currants, eight ounces of ginger-root, two ounces of bitter almonds, one-half ounce of sweet almonds, three lemons sliced, one gallon of whisky. Mash the currants, cut the ginger-root in small pieces, crack and split the nuts, pour the whisky over these ingredients, and let it stand for ten days, then pour it off carefully, add four pounds of loaf sugar, and bottle it.

SALMON PATTIES.—Cut cold cooked salmon into dice. Heat about a pint of the dice in a half pint of cream. Season to taste with cayenne pepper and salt. Fill the shells, and serve. Cold cooked fish of any kind may be made into patties in this way. Use any fish sauce you choose—all are equally good.

VEAL CROQUETS.—Mince veal very fine, add 1 onion chopped, mix ½ cup of milk with one teaspoonful of flour, piece of butter the size of a walnut. Cook until thickened and stir into meat, roll into balls, dip into a beaten egg and roll in bread crumbs. Fry in plenty of hot lard.

MOULD IN JELLY.—To prevent mould on the top of glasses of jelly lay a lump of paraffine on the top of the hot jelly, letting it melt and spread over it. No brandy paper and no other covering is necessary. If preferred, the paraffine can be melted and poured over when cold.

MR. DAMIT lives in Illinois. He is not a very prominet citizen, but his name is a "household word."

AN Elgin dairyman, being disappointed in his expectations of accumulating a rapid fortune by peddling skim milk at three cents a quart, conceived the happy idea of realizing extensively from the plethoric wallet carried by the Treasurer of the Northwestern Railway Company. He purchashed for $1.10 a ticket from Elgin to Chicago, then walked into town—a distance of forty miles, for the special purpose of being refused a ride back from Chicago to Elgin on that ticket. Visions of large damages, growing out of his being ejected from the train, filled his mind. He had taken emient legal advice at a cost of five dollars, and had braced himself up to manfully resist the conductor and brakeman when they should prepare to eject him from the train. Scarcely had the train started from the Wells Street Depot, when along came the conductor, took the "Elgin to Chicago" ticket into his hands, punched it, put it into his pocket and passed along. Talk about mad dogs; but they ain't a circumstance to the "mad" that Elgin man generated on the spot.

Company Shops.

Mr. M. M. Shoffner, Postmaster and Justice of the Peace, Company Shops, Alamance Co., N. C., writes, he has used St. Jacob's Oil for rheumatism, cuts, swelled ankles and knees, pains in the back and sore-throat. One or two applications in each case have always cured, and he believes the Great German Remedy is the best in the world. "As long as I can get it," he adds, "I never intend to be without it."

RAILROAD SUPERINTENDENT. — "You appear to have been a little hurt in this collision, my friend."

Maimed Passenger—"I have lost both arms and one leg."

"Indeed! What is your regular business?"

"I am at present out of work."

"Ah! Well, with three limbs gone, you can easily excite sympathy and make lots of money at begging, but we won't charge you anything extra!"

Officeholders.

The office held by the Kidneys is one of importance. They act as nature's sluice-way to carry off the extra liquids from the system and with them the impurities both those that are taken into the stomach and those that are formed in the blood. Any clogging or inaction of these organs is therefore important. Kidney-Wort is Nature's efficient assistant in keeping the kidneys in good working order, strengthening them and inducing healthy action. If you would get well and keep well, take Kidney-Wort.

AN old fellow whose daughter had failed to secure a position as teacher, in consequence of not passing an examination, said: "They asked her lots of things she didn't know. Look at the history questions! They asked her about things that happened before she was born! How was she going to know about them? Why, they asked her about old George Washington and other men she never knew! That was a pretty sort of examination!"

A Remedy for Lung Diseases.

Dr. Robert Newton, late president of the Eclectic college, of the city of New York, and formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, used Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam very extensively in his practice, as many of his patients, now living and restored to health by the use of this invaluable medicine, can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought not to be considered merely as a patent medicine, but that it ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy in all cases of lung diseases. It cures consumption, and all pectoral complaints.

IF one dog can be placed on a scent, how many dogs can be placed on a trade dollar?

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of Bladder. $1. Druggists.

THE watchmaker can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes all his profits on time.

The solvent properties of crude oil are so well established that it is unnecessary to quote examples. Carboline is made from crude, oil devoid of smell and is guaranteed to remove scurf and dandruff.

IT rains alike on the just and the unjust—and on the just, mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

Farmers—Try It.

Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Color will be found to be the only oil color that will not become rancid. Test it and you will prove it. It will not color the butter-milk; it given the brightest color of any made, and is the strongest and therefore the cheapest.

A BURLINGTON mother has miraculously cured her youngest hopeful of smoking by the laying on of hands.

☞ DECORATIVE ART. Explicit directions for every use are given with the Diamond Dyes. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivory, Hair, &c, 10c. Druggists keep them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

PARLOR matches are like fashionable engagements. There is too much fuss and noise about them for the money.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels? There is, unquestionably.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A WOMAN whose first husband had eloped with a pretty servant girl vaccinated the second as soon as she got him with mucilage. She thought that would make him stick.

WHEREIN he was mistaken: A South End man advertised for the meanest dog in the city. His idea was that people are so fond of their own dogs that they wouldn't bring a single animal to him. But he lost his bet. Thousands called, each bringing his neighbor's dog.

Another Life Saved.

About two years ago, a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physicians that he must die. They said that his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new departure." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and took it according to directions. He began to improve at once. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to-day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his life.

THE newest crown derby vases and scent jars are very rich in coloring, great masses of mingled blue and gold alternating with the peculiar red of this ware also mingled with gold.

Wrecked Manhood.

Victims of youthful indiscretions suffering from nervous debility, lack of self confidence, impaired memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

YOUNG man, don't try to forget your identity and become somebody else; for the other chap is sure to be an inferior person.

"Frailty, thy Name is Woman."
—Hamlet.

That she is frail, often in body,
"'Tis true, 'tis true 'tis a pity.
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best restorative tonic for physical frailty in women, or female weaknesses or derangements. By druggists. Price reduced to one dollar.

"MUS. DOC." being rather an awkward degree, "Fiddle D. D." is recommended as the proper thing for musicians.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

A LITTLE boy going up stairs during house cleaning time, when the carpet was off the hall and stairs, asked: "Mamma, what makes the hall and stairs all barefooted?"

FOR years I have been afflicted with Hay-Fever. I gave Ely's Cream Balm a trial. The relief was immediate. I regard myself cured.—G. SCHREIBER, Supt. of Cordage Co., Elizabeth, N. J. Price 50 cents.

HAY FEVER. I have used Ely's Cream Balm for Hay-Fever, and have experienced great relief. I recommend it as the best of all the remedies I have tried.—T. B. JENKS, Lawyer, Grand Rapids, Mich. Price 50 cents.

WERE you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yachtsman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I guess so!" responded the good man. "I have helped to bring up eight babies!"

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

LEMON PIE.—Raisins, 1 cupful, stoned and chopped fine; juice and pulp of one lemon; sugar, 1 cupful, 1 egg, and water 3 tablespoonfuls. Bake with 2 crusts.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

"YES," said the boy, "I might just as well be at the head of my class as not. But I don't mind being at the foot, and the other boys do, so I sacrifice myself."

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"I DON'T like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet," was the excuse of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

"I DON'T miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness, "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have on anything new."

A SHOEMAKER was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. "If that is all," said Crispin, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away."

A PHILOSPHER remarks; "An effort made for the comfort of others lifts us above ourselves." But he forgot to state that this observation was made by the man who hastily scrambled over a fence so as not to distub the meditation of a bull that was heading for him.

"CONFOUND those cats," exclaimed old Xylo, as he reached for his gun and crept stealthy toward the back window. "Why those are not cats," calmly replied his wiser seven-eighths; "it is only our new church choir, practising for to-morrow."

A CLOTHIER has excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted on his sign. When asked for an explanation, he replied, "If it hadn't been for an apple where would the ready-made clothing stores be to-day?"

DID you ever see a big "June bug" try to beat out his brains by banging his head against a wire window screen? Well, that's the way a bore acts when he persists in trying to make himself agreeable where he is not wanted.

WHEN Dr. S. H. Cox lived in Brooklyn he once kept a dog. Over his kennel he wrote: "Cave Canem—teeth inserted here."

THIS is the way the Massachusetts cook makes her lemon pies: One lemon, seventeen tablespoonfuls of sugar and three eggs; grate the yellow rind of the lemon and squeeze the juice of the lemon on the sugar; to this add the yelks or the eggs, which should be beaten till light; cover a plate with rich paste, putting a ring around the edge; fill with the above mixture, and bake till the crust is done. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, beating in a little powdered sugar; spread this on the top of the pie when it is done, and let it brown.

NICE salad can be made by using veal, and the inexperienced housewife may be reminded that there is as much difference in veal as in beef or chicken. For the salad choose a firm and lean piece, boil it until it is tender and then proceed as if you are making chicken salad. It is a good plan to prepare this some day when you are to have chicken for dinner; then the veal can be boiled in the same kettle, and will be flavored with the chicken broth. Reserve some of the broth when making gravy for the chicken to moisten the salad with.

PEACH SHORTCAKE.—Make a soft dough of one quart of sifted flour mixed with two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a generous tablespoonful of butter, a little salt, and sufficient sweet milk. Roll out thin, put a layer in a baking-pan, and sprinkle with flour and bit of butter; make four layers like this, using no butter and flour on the top layer. Bake in a quick oven, turn out upside down, remove the layers, and place ripe peaches, cut up and sweetened, between each layer. Serve as a cake, with cream and sugar.

TIMBALE DE SPAGHETTI.—Break some spaghetti into very short lengths and boil it thoroughly. Drain it before the fire and add to it plenty of fresh butter or a cup of strong, rich gravy; then mix with it one or two beaten eggs, according to quantity. When the macaroni is nearly cold, fill with it a plain mould which had been previously buttered and sprinkled with fine bread crumbs. Press the macaroni well down, leaving a hollow in the centre, in this place a well flavored mince of lamb, poultry, or game, fill up the mold with more macaroni, pressing it down compactly. Bake in a moderately quiet oven, turn out and serve very hot.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.—Butter a pudding-dish and line it with slices of stale sponge cake an inch thick. Put stewed or ripe fresh fruit or preserves in the bottom of the dish upon the cake. Beat to a cream the yolks of eight eggs, quarter of a pound of sugar and half a pound of butter. Flavor to taste with grated nutmeg and stir in lightly the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. Pour the mixture over the fruit and bake half an hour. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and add four tablespoonfuls of sugar; spread over the pudding after it is baked and return it to the oven for a few minutes to color. To be eaten cold, with or without cream.

BARONESS PUDDING.—Ingredients—Three-fourth pound suet, three-fourth pound raisins, weighed after being stoned; three-fourth pound flour, one-half pint milk and one-fourth saltspoonful salt. Mode—Chop the suet fine, stone the raisins, cut them in halves, and mix these ingredients with the salt and flour; moisten with milk, stir the mixture well and tie the pudding in a floured cloth, previously wrung out in boiling water. Put the pudding into a sauce-pan of boiling water and let it boil four and one-half hours. Serve with plain sifted sugar.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—To a cupful of boiled hominy add a tablespoonful of melted butter; stir well, then add gradually a cupful of milk, stirring and mashing the hominy until it becomes a soft, smooth paste. Than add a teaspoonful of white sugar and a well-beaten egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands, roll in beaten eggs, then in bread crumbs, and fry in boiling lard.

THREE classes of horses are in demand, and the demand cannot be ignored by the breeder—the draft horse, roadster, and racer. The man who undertakes the business must adapt himself according to circumstances and his tastes.



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DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, $2, by mail. BOWEN, LUTZE & CO., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. ☞ Dr. Lutze treats female diseases only. Advice free at office or by letter.

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With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending "Hop Bitters" to me, I used two bottles! Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop * * * Bitters. I was afflicted With inflammatory rheumatism!!! For nearly Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any Good!!! Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope "You may have abundant success" "In this great and" Valuable medicine: Anyone! * * wishing to know more about my cure? Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

——I consider your Remedy the best remedy in existence For Indigestion, kidney —*Complaint.*

"And nervous debility. I have just" Returned "From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more Good! Than anything else; A month ago I was extremely "Emaciated!!!" And scarcely able to walk. Now I am Gaining strength! and "Flesh!" And hardly a day passes but what I am * * * * * * * * * complimented on my improved appearance, and it is due to Hop Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson, *—Wilmington, Del.*

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

$40 PAYS for a Life Scholarship in the Coleman Business College, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO.

SHARP PAINS Crick, Sprains, Wrenches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Stitch in the Side, Backache, Swollen Joints, Heart Disease, Sore Muscles, Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or deep-seated are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known *Hop Plaster*. Compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Gums, Balsams and Extracts, it is indeed *the best* pain-killing, stimulating, soothing and strengthening Porous Plaster ever made. *Hop Plasters* are sold by all druggists and country stores. 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster* Co., Proprietors and Manufacturers, Boston, Mass. **HOP PLASTER**

☞ Coated tongue, bad breath, sour stomach and liver disease cured by Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills, 25 cts.

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By the use of this REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their strength, and the blood is purified.

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It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Ag'ts, Phila., Pa., and C.N. Otttenson, N. Y.

WORMS In the human body ERADICATED by using **CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!** INFALLIBLE. An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. ☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

VIGOR For Men. Quick, sure, safe. Book free. Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., New York.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Sept. 17, 1884

WHERE THE WORKINGMEN STAND.

[New York Herald.]

A delegation of workingmen composed of J. A. Thompson, President of the Car Drivers' Union; J. J. Kavanagh, president of the Engineers Union; R. M. Abell, president of the Brass workers Union; A. A Carsey, president and R. O. Ferrier, secretary of the independent labor party, called on the national democratic committee yesterday morning and presented the following statement in answer to the assertions made by Gen. Butler in his letter of acceptance:

"We desire to correct the statement made by General Butler in his letter of acceptance that the national democratic convention at Chicago refused to insert in its platform a single demand of the workingmen in a plank in the interest of labor. It may be true that the committee on resolutions refused to be governed or dictated by General Butler, but it is not true that it refused to listen to or grant the request of the workingmen, for the committee on resolutions granted a hearing to three different committees of workingmen—one from the national labor party, another from the federated trades unions, and a third committee of New York workingmen. The committee on resolutions listened to their arguments and inserted in the democratic platform every measure demanded by their bona fide representatives of labor.

"We also wish to correct the misstatement that Governor Cleveland has failed to carry out the pledges made in the platform of 1882. The opposite is the case, for every measure demanded by workingmen has been granted, despite the active and earnest opposition of the Republican legislature of the state; by and through his efforts more has been granted to the working men in the way of practical legislation and more has been accomplished for his benefit than has been done by all the laboring unions or political parties of these United States since the Declaration of Independence. Every measure asked for by anti-monopoly league and the labor party of the state was inserted in the democratic platform of 1882 and has been granted and Governor Cleveland and the democratic party can honestly claim the merit of inaugurating all the measures that have been taken up by other state legislatures and passed, to the great benefit of the working classes, and incorporated in the national platforms of the Democratic and Republican parties."

CYCLONE IN WISCONSIN.

Terrible Scenes in the Town of Clear Lake.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 10.—News has been received here that the town of Clear Lake, Wisconsin, was badly wrecked by a storm between five and six o'clock last evening. Half of the town is in ruins. Three persons were killed and many wounded.

The scenes after the storm passed were horrible in the extreme. Men, women and children were running about in a perfect frenzy of excitement and fear. Here and there people could be seen coming out of cellars almost paralyzed with fear. The strongest was as if a little child, for no human power could resist the terrible force. A house was taken from the foundation and turned completely around. A large barn was blown away, leaving the floor and mangers with the horses peacefully eating their supper. A little child was taken in the arms of the tempest and landed in the branches of a tree slightly injured. A large frame house was blown completely out of sight and not one particle of the house or contents could be found, although search for a mile was made in the track of the storm, the family had fortunately taken refuge in the cellar. Many families are left destitute.

THE PANIC IN WHEAT.

The great business sensation of the year in two hemispheres and three continents is the low price of wheat, the great cash crop of the farmers of the West, England and India. Wheat has not in 14 years before sold so cheaply in Chicago as lately. It has not been so cheap in England for 100 years. The Chicago *Tribune* says speculators who bought wheat in June on the alluring predictions of the clique, who promised with the help of the banks to put up the price, have by this time lost on all they have held not less than 55 cents a bushel, including all carrying charges. The San Francisco *Chronicle*, which is a close observer of the wheat situation, which benefits a journal in a state the wheat crop of which is worth more than its gold yield, declares that wheat is selling 20 per cent below the fair average cost of production. The causes of the prevailing low prices, it thinks, are temporary, and it enumerates them as being: (1) The general collapse of wheat speculators; (2) the monetary crisis, and (3) the heavy sales of farmers customary at this season. On the other hand, Mr. Wm. M. Grosvenor, the well known statistician of New York, figures out that the surplus remaining in this country July 1 was 75,554,195 bushels, as against 65,877,155 remaining on hand a year previously. "Present indications," he declares, "are that the abundant supplies on both sides of the ocean will cause very low prices this fall." In his opinion the "obvious cause of the unnaturally low prices of wheat all over the world is the extraordinary increase in railroad and ship building within the last few years. Railroads in India and here have multiplied wheat-growing acres. The cheap ships of these days have brought the most distant acres into competition."

The New York *World* presents a picture of Blaine's elegant Washington mansion and adds: "It is an architectural gem. It cost $150,000, and it rents for $13,000 a year. Blaine entered public life a poor man. His highest official salary was $8,000 a year, we believe, and he didn't enjoy that long. Yet Blaine, in addition to his Washington palace, owns property in Maine, is interested in several mining and railway enterprises in Virginia, has stock in half a dozen enterprises in Pennsylvania and elsewhere and was once largely interested in the Little Rock and Fort Smith railway. He is a millionaire. Mr. Blaine has been a thrifty statesman."

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

Speaking of certain documentary relics to be found in the Pension Bureau of the War Department at Washington, a correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* writes: Probably the most valuble of all these old documents are the orderly books, of which there are a great number: They are of all sizes and shapes, and some of them mixed up with accounts and a thousand and one other things. The back part of one contains several poems, the record of farm hands, and the sale of sheeps' wool, while that of another chronicling the army of Virginia has been made into an arithmetic book, and has examples "for the rule of three," while others contain private contracts, family records and almost every variety of writing. Three orderly books are bound in cheap paper unglazed and unruled. Hardly one of them is under one hundred years old, and all are yellow and ragged. They give in many cases the daily history of the operations of the various armies, and it would require column upon column to give the interesting things they contain. It is to be hoped that the government will have them published, with the rolls of the Revolution, and what historical merit they have shall be preserved. One, for instance, is an orderly book containing the full workings of Benedict Arnold's Expedition to Canada from November 8, 1775, to February 26, 1776. It is a pasteboard covered book about ten inches square and an inch thick with a yellow parchment back. It gives the parole and countersign for every day and contains a partial history of the expedition. From it I see that on January 3, 1776, when the countersign of the army was "Campbell" and the parole "Montreal," Colonel Benedict Arnold was by unanimous voice of his officers and troops appointed commander, and on February 8, when the parole was "Schuyler" and the countersign "Howe," the notice came of the appointment of Arnold by Congress to be a brigadier general. There is also an account book showing the various horses bought, sold, and used by the Continental army in 1777, and an itemized account of the teamsters employed. The sums are put down in pounds, shillings, and pence. The paper is yellow and the ink faded, and the whole book resembles more a child's copy-book than that of a goverment contractor.

DIVISION OF LABOR IN EARTHQUAKES

Richard A. Proctor thus discourses in *Longman's Magazine* upon the consanguinity of earthquakes: Those who recognize or imagine a connection between the earthquakes in Great Britain and the movements occurring within the volcanic region of Southern Europe, remark that during all the time that England was thus disturbed, the region of which Vesuvius is the principal outlet had been quiescent. It is perhaps rather convenient for the theory of connection between British earthquakes and the Vesuvian volcanic region, that we may recognize evidence in favor of the theory, whether disturbance in one region synchronizes with disturbances in the other, or, on the other hand, with a time when the other region is unusually quiescent. Yet it must be admitted that even the apparently contradictory forms of evidence derived from the quiescence of Vesuvius and its fellow-craters on the other, when British earthquakes occur with exceptional violence, may in reality point in the same direction. For on the smaller scale it certainly has been observed that within the Vesuvian region itself, at a time when Vesuvius is at rest, the minor craters of this region are often found to be unusually active, while yet at times, when Vesuvius is in violent eruption, these same volcanoes seem exceptionally active too. It is as though when Vesuvius rests they tried to do the work which Vesuvius is neglecting, while, when Vesuvius is very active, they try to help the greater crater by sharing in its labors. It may, therefore, quite possibly be the case that distant volcanic regions may show their kinship as much by alternating throes as by simultaneous disturbances.

A USEFUL FRUIT.

The pomegranate is a delicious fruit, which is said to furnish for the sick-room the finest acid known—superior to that of the lemon. It makes also a wholesome summer beverage, and the seeds, divested of the filament which separates their congeries, are not to be despised is properly prepared for the table. In urging the cultivation of this fruit, a Georgia authority says that an acre planted in pomegranates, 15 by 10, would contain 315 trees, and these would average in four years fifty to the tree, making a total to the acre of 15,750 pomegranates, and these, at four cents a piece, would yield a yearly income of $730 to the acre of trees. These trees, attaining age, will yield as the one named above.

Fasldon is the great governor of this world. It presides not only in matters of dress and amusement, but in law, physic, politics, religion, and all other things of the gravest kind. Indeed, the wisest of men would be puzzled to give any better reason why particular form in all these have been at certain times universally received, and at other times universally rejected, that they were in or out of fashion.

"Blood food" is the suggestive name often given to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because of its blood-enriching qualities.

BLAINE'S DESPICABLE ATTITUDE.

[Boston Globe.]

Along with the demand of the Indianapolis *Sentinel* for a speedy trial of the suit brought by Mr. Blaine comes the statement from Mr. Harrison, Mr. Blaine's attorney, to the effect that the trial will not, probably, take place this fall.

FOR

habitual constipation, billiousness, sick headache, torpidity of the liver, congestion of the kidneys, malaria and all complications arising from a degenerated condition of the bowels, liver or kidneys, McDonald's Improved Liver Pills can be depended upon for certain and permanent relief; as a dinner pill, gentle cathartic and safe aperient, they are without an equal. Many eminent physicians use them in their daily practice. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
17sept2 Philadelphia Agents.

Mifflintown, Pa., Sept. 9.—The democratic conferees of the Thirty-first district met here to day and nominated Mr. Joan B. Selheimer, of Lewistown, for senator, unanimously.

Bad drainage causes much sickness, bad blood and improper action of the liver and kidneys is bad drainage to the human system, which Burdock Blood Bitters remedy.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

		WESTWARD.			
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia				11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg			3 20 a m
"	"	Montandon			5 45 a m
"	"	Williamsport			7 20 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore			7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven			8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo			9 35 a m
"	arr at	Erie			6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia				4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg			8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon			10 39 a m
"	"	Williamsport			11 45 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven			12 45 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia				7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg			11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon			1 32 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport			2 25 p m
"	"	Lock Haven			3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo			5 05 p m
"	"	Kane			9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at					5 05 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia				11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg			3 25 p m
"	"	Montandon			5 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport			7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven			8 05 p m
"	arr at	Renovo			9 15 p m
		EASTWARD.			
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven				7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore			7 22 a m
"	"	Williamsport			8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon			9 20 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg			11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia			3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane				6 00 a m
"	"	Renovo			10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven			11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport			12 35 p m
"	"	Montandon			1 56 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg			3 48 p m
"	"	Philadelphia			7 25 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie				1 55 p m
"	"	Renovo			10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven			11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport			1 00 a m
"	"	Montandon			2 05 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg			4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia			7 50 a m
WMPT ACN leaves	Renovo				3 40 p m
"	"	Williamsport			6 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven			5 00 p m
"	"	Montandon			7 49 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg			10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia			8 05 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Agent.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward. 1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	8.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	9.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1p3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	
	Leave Eastward. 2 A.M.	4	6	8 P.M.	10 P.M.
Spring Mills	5.50				1.56
Coburn	6.18				2.25
Laurelton	7.30				3.40
Milmont	7.40				3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.	8.00			P.M.	4.15
Mifflinburg, lv.	8.00			12.10	4.18
			A.M.		
Vicksburg	8.15			12.26	4.28
Biehl	8.20			12.34	4.34
Fair Ground	8.30			12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M	8.35			12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar.5.40	ar.9.10	ar.10.30	ar.1.20	ar.5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

The Coming President,

WANTED, one or two Ladies or Gentlemen of undoubted reference and character, willing to work eight hours per day for a six months' engagement, as Traveling Agents for "The Lives and Graves of our Presidents," to every subscriber of which book WILL BE GIVEN FREE "The Lives of the Four Candidates" Why pay from $2 to $4 for the Lives of the Candidates when you can get it free? First applicants get choice of positions. Good pay to the right party. Address, giving name of reference,

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4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A recognized course in Mechanical Arts, combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8 A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
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Some of our patrons sent us their orders last fall when we were busy filling orders that we booked early in the season. It was not too late to use the fertilizer, but was too late for us to ship the goods promptly, and in some instances we were compelled to return orders and money which accompanied them. This we much disliked to do, and we have since then added to our shipping facilities so that we will be able to give all orders quick dispatch. Nevertheless, to avoid all possibility of delay, we trust our friends will send their orders at once for

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" " Life and Accident Companies,
" " Fire Companies,
German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's stores, Bellefonte, Pa. 2jany

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all style

J. ZELLER & SON,
DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.
Dealer In
DRUGS, DRUGS
CHEMICALS!
PERFUMERY,
FANCY GOODS, &c
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Cleveland** By Chauncy F. Black, Lieutenant Governor of Penn'a. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Democratic party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; revenue reform; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Hendricks.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest, and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once.
THAYER, MERRIAM & CO.,
6aug10t 833 Arch St., Philadelphia.

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY, Druggist.
11jun tf

Advertising Cheats!!

"It has become so common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years,

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—The Parents.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."

—A Lady of Utica, N. Y.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white lable. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with Hop or Hops in their name.

$11,950
IN CASH
GIVEN AWAY
To SMOKERS of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco.

This Special Deposit is to guarantee the payment of the 25 premiums fully described in our former announcements.

The premiums will be paid, no matter how small the number of bags returned may be.

Office Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.,
Durham, N. C., May 10, 1884.

P. A. WILEY, Esq.,
Cashier Bank of Durham, Durham, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—We inclose you $11,950.00, which please place on Special Deposit to pay premiums for our empty tobacco bags to be returned Dec. 15th. Yours truly, J. S. CARR, President.

Office of the Bank of Durham,
Durham, N. C., May 10, 1884.

J. S. CARR, Esq.,
Pres. Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

DEAR SIR:—I have to acknowledge receipt of $11,950.00 from you, which we have placed upon Special Deposit for the object you state.

Yours truly, P. A. WILEY, Cashier.

None genuine without picture of BULL on the package.

☞See our other announcements.

FROM THE PRESIDENT
OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

HELP FOR Women WHO ARE NERVOUS AND LACK VITAL ENERGY.



The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electric Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. These for Men only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without drugging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

PRICES from $4 upwards.

Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.

AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., 1103 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

Consult Dr. BUTTS
Dr. La Barge, SUCCESSOR TO

In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones,—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Orgnale Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilitic and Mercurial Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

(Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.

Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Prop't and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 930 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 50 Years.

SALESMEN WANTED

A few good, reliable men to act as AGENTS for the sale of our

NEW FRUITS AND SPECIALTIES!

together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK. Previous experience not essential. ☞LIVE, ACTIVE MEN EARN GOOD WAGES. For terms address, giving full name, age and reference,

HOOPES, BROTHER & THOMAS,
20adg6t West Chester, Penn'a.

THE MEXICAN LASSO.

The lasso itself is a rope made of twisted fibre of the *maguey*, or aloe, known in European markets as Sisal hemp. There is a great difference in the quality; the best and strongest are twisted so extremely tight that it is almost impossible to untwist the strands. One end is worked into a small loop, lined inside with leather, through which, when about to throw the lasso, the other end is passed. The rope is about thirty feet long, about one third of it formed into a noose which is grasped a little above the loop—*i. e.*, where the rope is double; the rest of it is coiled round and held in the left hand, ready to let go, the extreme end being kept separate, and of course retained. The noose should hang well clear of the ground when held level with the shoulder, and, when open, forms a circle of four or five feet in diameter.

The lasso is swung over the head and left shoulder, and back over the right shoulder, a peculiar turn of the wrist as it begins to return keeping the noose open. It is thus made to circle round and round his head by the thrower until he is within distance of his object, when it is launched, and flies off at a tangent, the noose assuming a circular form, and settling quietly around the object aimed at. Before it settles the thrower seizes the other end with his right hand, and gives it two rapid turns around the *cabeza* of his saddle, so as to get a purchase. If he is not quick enough at this, and the bull tightens the rope before a good purchase has been effected, the result is that the fingers get caught between the rope and the *cabeza*, and very much injured. It is no unfrequent thing to see a man who has lost one or two fingers in learning the art.

It is beautiful to see the exactitude with which an adept will throw the lasso from or to any point, over either shoulder, behind or in front. There is no credit in catching a bull by the horns, for he cannot be thrown by them; but considerable skill is required to pitch the noose just in front of him when he is at full gallop, so that next step he treads into it; then, on its being tightened with a sudden jerk, rolls over in the dust. The horse, too, has to learn his part of the business, and bear at the right moment in the opposite direction, or he might be thrown instead of the bull, to which indeed he is often inferior in weight.

It is considered disgraceful to have to loosen the lasso, and to let the bull carry it off with him. A good hand at it will catch by either leg alone a bull galloping past at any angle. The most difficult feat of all is to lasso him around the quarters when at full gallop at the moment when his hind legs are doubled up under him. Usually the noose slips off, and nothing happens; but if it be thrown precisely at the right instant, his hind legs are pinned tight up under his belly, and he is brought to a standstill in the position of a sitting dog, looking indescribably silly in such an unwonted position. These and other feats of lassoing are seen at their best at a hacienda, on the occasion of the annual *hurradero*, when the young bulls are driven in from the plains, thrown down, and marked with a hot iron with the initials of their proprietors' names. Friends and neighbors come together from afar, and vie with one another in the display of dexterity and horsemanship.

IGNORANCE ABOUT POSTAL CARDS.

"Postal card correspondents make a good many mistakes. If they knew what a pile of cards are thrown away, they would be more careful," said a post-office clerk, as he pitched a handful of postal cards into the waste basket.

"What is the matter with them?"

"Every one had something pasted on the correspondence side. It is allowable to paste on the mailing side the address of the person to whom the card is sent, but anything pasted on the message side renders the card unmailable. On the mailing side there must be nothing in the form of an advertisement."

"If pictures are drawn on the message side will the card be sent?"

"Yes, unless the picture is a character which would send the artist to Sing Sing. However, there is a good deal of complaint about dunning and abusive messages. It is popularly believed that it is a violation of the law to send scurrilous epistles in this way, but it is not. The belief is founded on Judge Benedict's decision, where five thousand dollars fine was imposed several years ago. The law is not now in force, and a man can abuse another to his heart's content."

"Can a postal card be returned?"

"Correspondents often try to do that, but it is against the rules of the office. To make sure, they often stick on a one-cent stamp. That won't work either. If a two-cent stamp is put on, it will pass inspection. By putting on a one-cent stamp, however, a postal card may be remailed to the person to whom it is addressed, if it does not find him in the first instance. One thing about postal cards ought to be known to poor people who have friends abroad. We have stacks of international postal cards unused that may be sent to almost any city in Great Britain or on the Continent. Even in the few instances where they are used, they are apt to be sent to the country which issues them. This is not allowed. They can only be sent out of the country which issues them."

A political bolt is a troublesome hardware.

Ben Butler, the anti-monopoly candidate, is traveling in a private palace car of a railroad superintendent.

A HOUSE IN A TREE.

Mention has frequently been made in the press of the peculiar places of abode of two of the quondam residents of Washington. Joaquin Miller's log hut attracts hundreds of visitors, and is a source of wonder and astonishment to those who never saw a backwoods clearing. But perhaps the queerest freak in the matter of dwellings is that of a pension office clerk, who has a horse in the top of a walnut tree on Mount Pleasant, which is a suburb of Washington. This tree house was first discovered about a year ago. It was then built in the boughs of a giant maple. Recently the occupant concluded to change his residence to a site more exalted, and he chose a tree further up the hill. The house itself is built on a large platform constructed around the trunk, thirty feet above the ground, and supported upon four heavy timbers. It is hexagonal in shape and about ten by fourteen feet inside. It is built of matched pine to a height of six feet, and the roof is composed of canvas awnings, so arranged as to admit of being raised or lowered at the will of the strange occupant of the hut. That Hayward is a man of taste, in spite of his strange abode, is evident from his personal appearance and the adornment of his home. He is a man of middle age, of fine appearance, and is devoted to literature. His house is handsomely furnished, and contains a very good library of standard works. The platform surrounding the hut serves as a sort of garden, and abounds with easy chairs, hammocks and other contrivances for comfort. The entrance is effected by the aid of stairs, which reach down to within six feet of the ground, and a step ladder, which is drawn up the platform when not in use. Hayward gives as his reason for imitating the islanders of the Indian Ocean in the selection of a dwelling site that he believes the sanitary conditions of the altitude are better than on the ground floor, and that it is more "exclusive." He had been classed as a "crank" because of his love for rarefied air, but as he is of a sociable turn and is said to be an excellent clerk, there is no other reason to accuse him of unsoundness of mind, except it be that he occasionally "drops into poetry."

THE CONSCIENCE FUND.

The contributions to the conscience fund of the Treasury in the last fiscal year amounted to over $6,000. This fund has, since its establishment twenty years ago, amounted to about $250,000. For some years past it has averaged from $5,000 to $7,000 a year. The term "conscience fund" was originated by Treasurer Spinner. One day during the war he received a letter from the Treasury Department from a man who enclosed a check for $1,500, saying it represented a misappropriation of government funds of which he had been guilty while a quartermaster in the army. "Suppose we call this a contribution to the conscience fund and get it announced in the newspapers, and perhaps we will get some more," he suggested. The announcement was made, and the Treasury became the recipient of such funds.

The largest contribution ever made was $4,000, forwarded by an ex-revenue gauger from Chicago, as the amount of a bribe received by him from distillers who desired to defraud the government. The smallest was nine cents, forwarded by a Massachusetts man who remembered that he had at one time years before used a marked three-cent stamp on a letter. In order to relieve his conscience he sent three times the original steal, which he thought was a fair compensation. Many of these contributions come from persons who have smuggled goods. The majority of these are from women. A recent case of this sort is quoted. A lady residing in Canada who, years ago, smuggled into this country a silk dress pattern worth $100, recently concluded that she ought to remit duty on it, and going to a Custom House officer asked him to calculate for her the duty she would have paid plus the interest, which being done, she forwarded the sum to the department, omitting—as most of them do—to send her name. Occasionally a letter is received from a clergyman, stating that it is the result of a death-bed confession of some offender, who asks that the money and confession be forwarded to the department.

AS REGARDS LEGS.

A Frenchman has been making extensive investigations upon the subject of postures in sitting as regards the extremities. He finds that the Chinese cross the left arm over the right, while Europeans cross the right over the left. Robust children cross the right over the left. Those who cannot work or are idiotic do the contrary. A great many women cross the left leg over the right. Among opera dancers some always cross the right leg over the left, but no one crosses the left over the right habitually. Infants under three years cross the left arm over the right, and when older reverse the position. The professor finds that men generally cross the right leg over the left, and cites the statements of tailors that trousers are always worn more on the left side, which bears most of the weight. Many conclusions are drawn from these facts, the most important one being that the left brain develops before the right, but finally the right predominates.

Whosoever abolishes justice cares for no religion.

M. L. Blair Alderman 5th Ward Scranton, Pa., stated Nov. 9 '83: He has used Dr Thomas' Electric Oil for sprains, cuts, burns, bruises, and rheumatism.

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,

SPRING MILLS, PA

Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE &

PATENT IRON ROOFING

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

Everything in the line of

COOKING STOVES,

COAL STOVES,

& RANGES.

PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!

TINWARE

of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec.y

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."

River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

GAIN
Health and Happiness.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?

"Kidney-Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 15 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Devereaux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?

"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. *Christian Monitor*, Cleveland, O

Have you Bright's Disease?

"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."
Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."
Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?

"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die."
Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?

"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to 'roll out' of bed."
C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?

"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?

"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 18 years use of other medicines."
Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?

"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever tried in my practice."
Dr. H. E. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?

"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken."
Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?

"Kidney-Wort *permanently cured* me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me."
Geo. H. Horst, Cashier H. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?

"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years."
Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?

"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it."
Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT

THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

BUY IT AND TRY IT.

Try it for earache,
Try it for headache,
Try it for toothache,
Try it for backache.

For an ache or a pain Thomas' Eclectric Oil is excellent.—Chas. F. Medler, box 274, Schenectady, N. Y.

Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best thing going, pa says. Cured him of rheumatism and me of earache—two drops—Master Horace Brenizer, Clinton, Iowa.

Try it for a limp,
Try it for a lameness,
Try it for a pain,
Try it for a strain.

From shoulder to ankle joint, and for three months I had rheumatism which yielded to nothing but Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Thomas' Eclectric Oil did what no physician seemed able to accomplish. It cured me.—John N. Gregg, Supt. of Ra'way Construction, Niagara Falls.

Try it for a scald,
Try it for a cut,
Try it for a bruise,
Try it for a burn.

Price 50 cts. and $1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop's.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 17

J. C. BRACKBILL **W. R. BRACKBILL**

Furniture and Bedding!

THE LARGEST STOCK!

THE LOWEST PRICES!

Give us a Call,------Satisfaction Guaranteed,

J. BRACKBILL'S SONS,

Spring St.,————Bellefonte, Pa.

——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the

CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX

THE PASTILLE
Prof. Harris' Radical Cure

Trade Mark

FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN

CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that "while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months. I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 25, 1882.

The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the

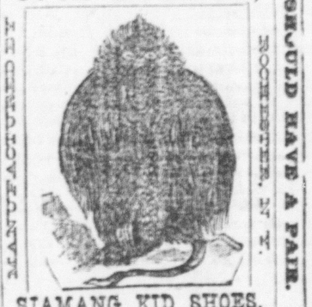
HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS,
306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months 7

FINEST AND BEST.

J. H. BYRNES,

EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD SHOULD HAVE A PAIR. MANUFACTURED BY ROCHESTER, N. Y.



SIAMANG KID SHOES,

THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of

MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES

in the County.

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE

ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST

..... SHOES, ...

the Most Comfortable Shoe Made

Remember the place—Corner Brocker noff Row, Bellefonte.

un4 tf E. GRAHAM & SON.

COLEMAN
Business

COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—10 students from Pennsylvania in 1883. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship, $40. Write for circulars. H. COLEMAN & PALMS, Proprietors.

30july1y

25 cts. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 cts.

THE COMPLETE HOME. Agents Wanted for this beautiful book. New edition.—New bindings.—New illustrations from new designs. Superbly gotten up. Same low price. Adapted to all classes. Sells at sight. Agents doing big work. EXCELLENT TERMS. The handsomest prospectus ever issued. Apply now.

BRADLEY, GARRETSON & Co., 66 North 4th St. Philadelphia, Pa. Also other grand new books and Bibles.

Good Pay for Agents. $100 to $200 per mo. to sell our Grand New History, famous and Decisive Battles of the World. Write to J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

VIGOROUS HEALTH for MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHŒA AND IMPOTENCY.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skilful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The life-giving elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.

Of Tested for over 5 years by use in thousands of cases.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE.

SEND ADDRESS

HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g Chemists, 306½ North 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents wanted for Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest and best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book on earth. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which person of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

Gold for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage and we will mail you free a royal valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. 1y

Paynes' Automatic Engines & Saw-Mill.



OUR LEADER.

We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2¼-inch arbor, 5 changes feed: sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swage, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $1,000 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.

B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers.

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YESTERNIGHT.

Long I loved, in silence nursing
  All the sweetness, all the smart
Secretly the tale rehearsing
  Yet untold—tho' when my heart
First went forth unto the maiden
  All the world was winter-white
And the summer air was laden
  With rich fragrance yesternight

Yestereve, what time the shadows
  Deepened on the daisied grass,
Homeward wending thro' the meadows
  I beheld the maiden pass;
And the love, so long unspoken,
  Bravely in the fading light
Pleaded for some word or token
  Of requital yesternight

Not to ear or heart unheeding
  My impassioned tale was told;
Nor in vain my wistful pleading
  Sought her love; a hoop of gold
Set with stones wherein still linger
  Rays of Jud's refulgent light,
Circles now a shapely finger
  That was bare but yesternight.

MY SISTER'S LOVE.

The month was May, and through the half open window came stealing a soft wind filled with summer and summer fragrance. The trees in the garden were full of blossoms. The early roses were in full bloom, but of all this I saw nothing. My gaze was fixed upon two figures slowly walking down the garden path—a man and a woman.

The man was tall and strong and masterful, yet tender as a little girl in all the little acts and courtesies of life. The woman was young and very beautiful, with figure slender and swaying like a reed as she walked, and dark, lustrous eyes, which brought to many a man his heart's undoing.

I fancied the light in them now, as she lifted them to Geoffrey Branscombe's face. He was her guardian and he loved her. She was but my half-sister, five years my senior, and so I was not entitled to her confidence. Indeed, only a little over a month ago I had returned from school, with my education completed in the fashionable sense of the term, and since then I was very ill. Over study, the doctor had said, but I knew better. To my own soul I could whisper the humiliating truth, could pour out the cruel confession with a sort of savage pleasure at the self-inflicted torture.

It was my heart, not my body, that suffered—the heart that had forever passed into Geoffrey Branscombe's unconscious keeping. I loved him—he who was to be my sister's husband. If I had never suspected it before I should have known it by the new light in her eyes, the new radiance of her beauty as it burst upon me on the day of my return.

And what could be more natural than that things should be as they were? Did not guardians always love their wards, and wards their guardians?

I had never read a book which treated of such relationship in which such was not the sequel of the tale. And yet—and yet did it make it easier for me to bear?

I turned my gaze away from that other picture, and lifted myself up from the depths of the great chair in which I lay, until I could catch a glimpse of my own face in the mirror opposite.

What a contrast! My eyes, the only beauty I possessed, looked many times too large for the thin, dark face, and my hair, which had been the rival beauty to my eyes, was close cropped to my head.

They had cut it off as I lay delirious with fever, and crying that its weight hurt me.

I sank back, with a groan. At that instant my sister, returning, entered the room.

"Mabel," she cried—"Mabel, darling, I am so happy!"

And rapidly crossing the floor, she sank down on her knees beside my chair.

The contrast was too great. Never had I seen her half so beautiful.

"Don't tell me—don't!" I hastily exclaimed, and lifting up my hands as if to ward off a blow. "I know," I continued. "I congratulate you; but don't say any more."

You know, dear?" she answered, a look of surprise sweeping over her face. "How is that possible?"

"Don't ask me. Only I know. I ——"

But I could say no more. My weakness conquered my strength, and I burst into bitter weeping.

"Poor child! Dear little Mabel!" she whispered tenderly. "Do you love me so well that you hate to lose me? But you will not really lose me, dear. When I am married—"

"Hush!" I interrupted. "I won't hear any more," and, sobbing bitterly, buried my face in my hands.

Of course no heroine would have done such a thing; but I was no heroine. I was only a foolish child who had lived but eighteen years, and who could only look forward to a long, long life of misery—for I loved Geoffrey.

He had not meant to make me love him—I knew that, but when I had come home for my Christmas holiday, Alice had been away on a visit, and so I had seen him every day. We had ridden and driven and walked together and as I have said, his manner held that unconscious and inherent tenderness towards things weaker than himself which had charmed my heart into recklessness in pouring forth its unheeded treasures at his feet.

My excitement in repressing all this and seeing the seal set upon my misery brought its own punishment; for a week later my life was again despaired of.

Then because I did not wish the boon, strength came slowly back. Every day he came; every day he sent me flowers, or fruit, or some sweet message; but it was all added torture.

At last, when I grew better, the physicians said I must have a change, and so they sent me to the sea side, to visit an aunt who had a house at Worthing.

I was glad to go. Had I staid at home I should have gone mad. Alice and Mr. Branscombe went with me to the train. I had bade her good-bye, and the train was just about to start, when he put his head in through the window

"You will let me come to see you," he said, and I had only time to answer.

"No, no; you must not come!"

Only time for this, and to note the swift look, so like pain, which swept over his face, ere he moved away, and my last glimpse was of them both standing side by side as, they should henceforth stand through life.

Notwithstanding my injunction to the contrary, he came. I had been in my new home a fortnight, and some of the color was stealing back into my cheeks, when one afternoon as I sat all alone dreaming, as I dreamed all my idle hours away, I saw the face which a moment before had floated in my fancy.

For a moment I was happy—supremely, ecstatically, happy, and springing up, held out both hands with a rapturous cry of welcome, then I sank back cold and stern again.

But that cry had brought him close beside me, and my hands were tightly held in his strong clasp while his great brown eyes looked into the very depth of mine, so that I trembled and was still.

Merciful heaven! what was it I read there? Could it be that he loved me, and that he had wooed and won Alice for her gold?

I should have said before that my sister was an heiress. I had no dower—not even that of beauty; but Geoffry Branscombe, I would have sworn was not a man to be bought or sold, to buy and sell; and yet, if not, his eyes had lied, for they had told me it was me he had loved.

I don't know just what came to me in that hour, that moment, but though I realized his baseness, yet I could not snatch from my lips the cup whose sweetness slaked their thirst. I held it there and drank.

We spoke no word of love, but every day found him by my side. I was no longer listless; I was brilliant, even merry. I laughed and sang, as one might laugh and sing at the feast of death.

And so a fortnight passed, and still he lingered; but his return was fixed for the morrow. On that last evening we wandered down upon the beach, silvered by the moonlight. Standing in its rays he turned and faced me, clasping his hand over mine as it lay upon his arm.

"Mabel," he said, "I love you, child. You are but a child, and I am a man who has outstripped you in the race of life by twenty years. But will you give yourself to me, dear?

Has it been my own blind fancy which has given birth to the sweet hope that I alone might make your happiness?"

He paused then waiting for my answer. Only a minute passed, but I awakened from my dream. I had not thought his baseness ever could find words; had not thought my sister ever would know his perfidy.

Only a minute, but I had torn out my heart and trampled it beneath my feet. I turned upon the man with hot, fierce passion; I forgot that I had led him on; I forgot my own baseness, my own love.

What burning, scathing words I used I know not, but when I had finished he offered me again his arm, from which I had withdrawn my clasp, and walked back to the house. Yet, as he left me, still without a word, I felt, strange to say, only my own guilt. He had not borne himself like one convicted of a wrong.

The next week I went home. Alice was the first to meet me, and that night she crept into my room, and knelt down beside me as she had done once before.

"Darling!" she whispered, next month I am to be married, and you are to be my bridesmaid."

"I cannot!" I answered. "Don't ask me Alice! It would kill me!"

"Do you really love me so well, dear? But you will not refuse me this? It would mar all my happiness, Mabel, and I am so happy. When you have seen Harry—when you learn to know and to love him for himself—you will understand.

"Harry!" I gasped, "who is he?"

"Harry—Harry Stretton; the man I am to marry. Why, Mabel, you told me you knew it all. Is it possible you did not know?"

And then she told me of the engagement which had been entered into during her Christmas visit—an engagement fully ratified and approved by her guardian whilst I was so ill.

It had been this she had been about to tell me—this I had refused to hear.

Oh, the burning shame with which I listened at last! And then a wild impulse seized me to tell her all the truth. She should know now how pitiable I had been, even though I bought her hate and contempt, as doubtless I had bought Geoffry's.

I did not spare myself as I told the story. In silence she heard me through, and then she sealed my lips with the kiss of love and pardon. All night I battled with my misery and remorse. Alice expected her lover the next day, I felt I dare not meet him.

In the afternoon she came into my room.

"Some one wishes to see you in the library, dear," she said. "Will you go down!"

She spoke so quietly that I suspected nothing, and asking no questions went down stairs, and crossed the hall to the room designated.

I thought it empty for a moment as I closed the door behind me, but at the sound some one stepped from the window recess—some one who advanced one step and then stood with wide-open arms waiting to close about me.

No need for me tell the story, as I hid my face upon his breast, and felt his kisses rain upon my hair. Alice, my noble darling sister had told it all.

Did I deserve my happiness? Perhaps not, it was mine—mine at last, as was the great noble heart of my sister's guardian.

Alice had her wish—I was her bridesmaid; but after the ceremony was ended which made her Harry Stretton's beloved wife, I took her place beside the altar, no longer bridesmaid but bride. Henceforth my sister's guardian was mine.

A Pneumatic Tube.

A company is getting ready to build a pneumatic tube for carrying letters and small packages from Chicago to New York. The idea at first seems impracticable, but on examination it turns out to be feasible. Two tubes are to be made of brass, which will be run side by side, although it is said one tube will be tried at first. A powerful engine with an exhaust wheel is to be stationed at one end. It is said that if the tube is properly made and planted no air will escape. The right of way, it is believed, can be secured for nothing, or at a nominal expense, and the main cost will be the tubes and the engines and stations. A letter, a sample of grain, or package of any kind which is to be sent, is enclosed in a leather ball. A ball presents the least friction as a rolling object, and the leather is to be stiff and heavy. A continuous current of air is passing through the tube constantly. With one pipe the plan is to reverse the engine every hour—the first hour forcing air into it at the Chicageo nd and sending packages to New York, the next hour exhausting the air at Chicago and drawing the packages as quickly back. The men who have it in charge do not say how long it will take to send a package in this way, but claim to be able to do it in less than a minute. Stations will be established at the important cities on the route. It is expected to pay a large profit, and to do the business of the telegraph companies, the express companies and the mail. They say the business of sending crude petroleum by a pipe for long distances, as is now done, was laughed at at first, and that this one is more practicable, if possible, and not nearly so costly, as the pipes are to be small and can go around curves and over hills as well as on the level.

Military Pigeon Flying.

The Director of Fortifications of the French Ministry of War has appointed Captain Thomas Candithat, of the Eighteenth Infantry Regiment, to visit the principal towns of France with a view to the formation of a National Carrier-Pigeon Union. Since the Franco-German war the erection of military pigeon-houses has been steadily continued. It is expected that the War Office, in co-operation with provisional societies, will employ from 25,000 to 30,000 of these aerial messengers. In every German fortress or town of strategic importance is to be found a pigeon station, under the orders of the Army Telegraph Department. It is in charge of a non-commissoned officer of Engineers, a specialist, and two privates, who are under the direct authority of the Commandant. In time of war this staff is doubled, and an officer takes command. The number of birds in each station varies according to position, but the average force will be 200. Strasburg and Metz share at the present time 600 pigeons between them, and Thorn has 200; but the latter town will soon have accommodation for 1000. A minute-book is kept at each statione with a complete record of every pigeon. its experiences, journeys, speed, &c. It may be mentioned that an ordinary carrier flies on an average 800 metres per minute, or about 35 miles in th. hour.

It is better to be a beggar than an ignorant person; for a beggar only wants money, but an ignorant person wants humanity.

A Wonderful Railroad.

Much has been written about the constraction of the mountain division of the Rio Grande; travelers have marveled of the four per cent grades and the fifteen degree curvature, of the remarkable narrow-gauge railroad, which penetrates the most rugged canons and climbs the most lofty mountain ranges of the Rockies. But nobody has ever well described the wonderful little feeder of the Leadville division which modestly leaves the main line in Brown's canon and ascends the mountain gulches to the east with the steepest grades and the heaviest in the world that are overcome with the ordinary drive-wheel locomotive. Afar up in this range of mountains, seven miles away, and nearly 3,000 feet higher than the bed of the canon, is the famous Calumet mine, from which is extracted the hematite iron ore that keeps in blast the furnaces of the Bessemer works at Pueblo. Every morning of the year a ponderous locomotive and a small train of cars toils up this steep, and every afternoon they make the perilous descent to the valley loaded with iron, with the steam brakes on the cars, the water pressure on the locomotive drivers, and a man standing at the brake wheel of each car.

This is the most wonderful piece of railroading in the universe. The maximum grade is 406 feet to the mile, or nearly 8 per cent., and the maximum curvature 25 degrees. The terminal of the branch is half a mile higher than at the commencement. Imagine, then, the difficulty in ascending with empty cars, and the danger of descending with loaded ones. Still, strange though it may seem, a locomotive cannot make the descent unless at least five cars are attached. The latter are essential to to provide the resisting power for the steam brakes. The trip up is snailish, the return is rapid, in spite of the steam pressure which cuts the car wheel into sparks that fly out in a constant stream from the brakes, in spite of the reverse action, in spite of lavish use of the sand pipe, and in spite of the water brake on the locomotive drive wheels.

Some few years ago when the operation of the line was commenced, runaway accidents were of almost daily occurrence. The seven miles were within a brief period strewn with the wrecks of cars and locomotives and iron ore. The most discouraging results attended the persistent efforts to make the line serve the purpose for which it was constructed. Day after day control over the decending train would be lost; some defect would interfere with the working of the steam brake, and even with the brake in successful operation the train would take a crazy notion and go flying down the mountain sides along the brinks of fearful precipices, through the rockbound gullies and around the acute curves, like a bolt of lightning. The train hands would leap for life, and then the locomotive and cars would be dashed into fragments. In all these accidents however, nobody was hurt. Thousands and thousands of dollars worth of rolling stock is said to have been destroyed before a successful system of operation was established. Only a very few of the higher officials of the Rio Grande realize how terrible was the experience of these rides, and it is told of two of them who once summoned up sufficient curiosity and courage to make the journey, they were so frightened that they hung on to the steps of the caboose expecting every moment to have to leap for life.

Finally extremely heavy locomotives were built, and a force of exceptionally brave trainmen were secured. The latter were instructed to cling to their post at every hazard, and never flinch in the moment of danger. Not a serious accident has been recorded since. Starting from the mine every brake is manned so that in case the steam should fail the train could be checked. While there have been several runaways in two years there has not been a wreck. The sight of one of these trains descending is one of thrilling interest, the sparks from the car wheels cutting a pathway of light down the mountains, which can best be described as having the appearance of a molten stream of fire rolling down the river bed of the canon.

In Switzerland there are grades as steep as those on the Calumet branch, but they are equpped for operation with the cable and cog-wheels.

Queen Victoria's Wealth.

The Queen has made a new will. She has certainly plenty of meney to give away, and as certainly plenty of people to grab for it. Prince Albert left at least $3,000,000. A miser named Neald bequeathed to her Majesty $2,500,000, and all her life she has been saving the greater part of her annual income The demands on her will come from her numerous grandchildren. Her family has a curious knack of making poor marriages, and the only wealthy members are the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Cumberland and her son, the Duke of Edinburgh, who inherits in an exaggerated form the parsimony from his father and mother. The children of the Prince of Wales will be provided for by parliament, and his eldest son is to get a grant next year.

Happiness is a fruit which, if it grows not at our own homes, we need not expect to gather in stranger's gardens.

How Sponges Have Grown.

The sponging fleet is composed of small schooners ranging from 10 to 40 tons, or seven smaller. Each schooner carries from four to six men, and makes periodical trips out to the sponge beds. Around Abaco, Andros island and Exuma are some of the principal fisheries; there are hardly any of value in the immediate vicinity of Nassau. The men do not dive for them, as sponge fishers in the Mediterranean do, but use long-handled things like oyster-tongs to fish them out of the water. They do not "go it blind" and probe in the mud, like oystermen; in this clear water they can see every inch of the bottom, make up their minds what sponges to take, and seize hold of each one carefully, detach it from the rock to which it clings, and lift it into the boat. They are not the nice, delicate, light colored things we see in shop windows. When first taken from the water they look and feel more like a piece of raw liver than anything else I can compare them with. They are slippery, slimy, ugly, and smell bad. Their color is generally a sort of brown, very much like the color of gulf weed, only a little darker. Most people are taught in the days of their freshness and innocence, that the sponge is an animal, and when they visit Nassau they expect perhaps to see sponges swimming about the harbor, if indeed they do not surprise some of the more athletic ones climbing trees or making little excursions over the hills. But they are disappointed when they learn that the animal part disappears entirely long before the sponge reaches a market; and that the part we use for mopping up fluids is only his house, the many-roomed residence in which he sheltered himself while at sea—a regular marine tenement house, built with great skill and architectural precision, in which many of the little beasts lived and died. After the sponges reach the deck of the vessel they are cleaned and dried and go through a curing process. They then become the sponges of commerce, and are divided into eight varieties in the Bahamas. Some, called "lambswool," or "sheepswool," are as fine and soft as silk and very strong. Others, although large and perhaps tough, are coarse and comparatively worthless. There are, too, bouquet sponges, silk sponges, wire sponges, and finger and glove sponges. The process, for curing them, I believe, is to keep them on deck for two or three days, which "kills" them. Then they are put in a crawl and kept there from eight to ten days, and are afterward cleaned and bleached in the sun on the beach. when they reach Nassau the roots are cut off, and the sponges are trimmed and dressed for exportation. Nearly every darkey in Nassau understands how to do this trimming part. The symmetry of the sponge must be preserved as much as possible, and if there are any places where coral sand has adhered to the sponge, those places must be cut out, for no amount of skill or care will get rid of sand in a sponge, and the sand is sure to scratch anything it touches. The trimming is generally done very expertly, so that a novice would hardly see that a sponge had been cut.

Forestry of Japan.

There is in Japan a Government Department of Forestry, which has a branch in each of the forty-four counties into which the Empire is divided; and there is in Tokio—what we have not got in this country—a Government school of Forestry, with a full staff of teachers, and with, at present, 150 students, who are being prepared for practical work. Great efforts have been made, during recent years, to introduce foreign trees and shrubs into the country. Tea is extensively cultivated. Coffee has been successfully acclimatized. The chinchona has been introduced from India, but as yet only with partial success. The seeds of over one thousand varieties of forest trees—including fir, oak, maple, birch, lime, ash, the German larch and the Indian pine—have been sown since 1880; and, although some have failed, others give good promise of success.

Of the latter, at least 30 specimens have been sent over for exhibition. The exhibits in practical forestry are very interesting. They include models of tree transplanting machines, of timber rafts and shoots, and of the ponds in which the timber is stored for several years to mature, in water partly salt and partly fresh. The methods of tree felling, of forest drainage and of surveying are also illustrated. In the collection there are no fewer than 302 different kinds of useful timber, produced in Japan, including the Japan cedar, which is the most common forest tree, pines and oaks of many varieties, ilex, maple, mulberry, the giant camellia, juniper and yew. In a handsome pillared trophy no fewer than 96 ornamental woods are shown in such a way as to exhibit their fine grain and their rich colors. There are also specimens of barks used in tanning, of vegetable dyes, of camphor, and of the valuable lacquer juice obtained from the varnish tree. Cases of richly colored maple leaves give some idea of the wonderfully varied shades of foliage which form so striking a feature of the landscape of Japan. There are also illustrations of the peculiar art of the Japanese in dwarfing, moulding and grafting trees. Altogether this department, which is well arranged, is one of the most interesting in the Exhibition.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Soft words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies.

Love is better than spectacles to make everything seem great.

Nobody likes to be contradicted, even when contradiction is deserved.

Our true acquisitions lie only in our charities; we gain as we give.

What is often taken for decision of character is nothing but bigotry.

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble.

The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter our own will be.

It is a great mistake to avoid actual duties while planning imaginary ones.

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

It is impossible to be a hero in anything, unless one is first a hero in faith.

It is not cowardly to yield to necessity, nor courageous to stand out against it

You may take the greatest trouble and by turning it around find joy on the other side.

Religion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent self-sacrifice and quiet growth.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity will end in shame.

Take away man's hope of heaven, and the devil could dispense with his recruiting stations.

Littleness of mind makes one obstinate, One is unwilling to believe what lies beyond his sight.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

How strange is the passion of women for concealing from each other the most important facts of their lives.

As soon as a woman begins to dress "loud," her manners and conversation partake of the same character.

The life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

Value no man for his opinion, but esteem him according as his life corresponds to the rules of piety and justice.

Friendship is a sturdy plant, a sweet herb and a savory; but when it touches the purse-strings, somehow it shrivels.

There are two qualifications for entering into paradise. One is to be an arch-angel; the other, to be a serpent.

Public discussion is an intellectual stamping mill, where the worthless quartz is crushed and the pure gold set free.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

No man imparteth his joy to his friends but he joyeth the more; and no man imparteth his griefs but he grieveth the less.

Covetous ambition, thinking all too little of which presently it hath, supposeth itself to stand in need of all which it hath not.

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say you do not care for the light of the sun because you can use a candle.

If you had the abilities of all the great men, past and present, you could do nothing well, without sincerely meaning it, and setting about it.

True wealth consists in health, vigor, and courage, domestic quiet, concord, public liberty, plenty of all that is necessary, and contempt of all that is superfluous.

Beware how you allow words to pass for more than they are worth, and bear in mind what alteration is sometimes produced in their current value by the course of time.

To be happy the passion must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy; a propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

When we find that we are not liked, we assert that we are not understood; when probably the dislike we have excited proceeds from our being too fully comprehended.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that they should become wise, as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

If one only wished to be happy, this could be readily accomplished; but we wish to be happier than other people, and this is almost always difficult, for we believe others to be happier than they are.

The charities of life are scattered everywhere, enameling the vales of human beings as the flowers paint the meadows; they are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.

Verily, verily, travellers have seen many idols in many countries; but no human eyes have ever seen more daring, gross, and shocking images of the Divine nature than we creatures of the dust make in our own likenesses of our own bad passions.

Greatness is not the only condition of usefulness or happiness; it is simply one of the factors of society—a factor with which the world finds success, without which the world wanders about aimless and lost, like a group of children without father or mother.

There is no doing anything with a man who does nothing but think. The lawyers and doctors did not flock into the ancient church. Thought is the cold lightning-rod; feeling, the sparkling point on the top where air is charged with electricity. All the apostles had blood in them and a pulse.

Some people are never satisfied. They look on the dark side. They blame Nature for putting thorns on their beautiful roses. How much better it would be if they would take the good advice of Alphonse Carr, who says: "I always thank her for having put roses on thorns." This is indeed looking on the bright side.

THE GOLDEN DAYS DEPARTED.

O voices still beneath the churchyard sod,
Bright eyes that glistened from behind long lashes
Warm beauty early given back to God,
Red lips that now are ashes!

Ah, so it is! all that hath ever been
Experienced by the spirit is immortal;
Each hope and joy and grief is hid within
The memory's sacred portal.

And yet the soft glow of the midnight hour
A strain of haunting music sweet and olden,
A dream, a bird, a bee, a leaf, a flower,
A sunset rich and golden—

Can fling that portal open; and beyond
Appears the record of each earlier feeling;
All hopes, all joys, all fears, all musings fond,
In infinite revealing.

Till all the present passes from the sight—
Its cares and woes that make us weary hearted,
And leaves us basking in the holy light
Of golden days departed.

GOING ASHORE.

"There she is, sir; that's she just off the point there. She's acoming stem on, and in arf an hour if she ain't on Bunk Sands, I'm a Dutchman."

My companion was no native of dam-land, for there was Briton written on every feature of his bronze-red face as he stood by me on Baythorpe shore, in his canvas trousers, fisher's boots, blue Jersey shirt, and tarpaulin hat, tied on with a bit of oakum band, while the flap behind beat about in the tremendous wind that was raging in our faces.

"Bang!" went the dull, smothered report of a heavy gun, and in the shade of the coming night I just caught sight of a faint flash of light. Where we stood the spray came rushing in like a heavy storm of rain, while the whistling of the wind and the thundering in of the huge rollers as they curled over and over upon the sand, tearing it out from among the clays, and scraping it away by tons, made standing in the face of such a storm extremely confusing; and yet hundreds were out upon the shore close under the great sand-bank, drenched to the skin with the spray, for the news had spread that a three-master was going ashore.

Going ashore! Simple words to a landsman; but what do they mean? The noble vessel tearing and plunging through the broken waters—now down in the trough of the waves, now rising like a cork upon the white crests, and then a shook as she strikes upon the sand and seems immovable; a shuddering quiver through plank and beam, and then crash, crash, crash—snapped like little twigs on a dead stem, while huge ropes part like burned twine, then the rising of the apparently immovable vessel, as she is lifted by the waves to fall crashing again on the sands, parting in the middle; rushing billows pouring tons upon tons of water over the deck; a wild, wild cry for help, and then the shore strewn with fragments, casks, bodies, as the merciless waves sport with them, tossing them on to the sands and then curling over to drag them back. Going ashore—not safety from a wild storm, but death.

"Ah," said the old salt by my side, shouting at me with his hand to his mouth, "did you hear that gun?"

I nodded.

"There goes another."

"There goes another," he continued, stretching out his hand and pointing to where the flash could be seen, while directly came another dull, heavy report. "Can't yer see her now, sir?"

Mine were no sea-going eyes; and it was no easy task to make out a distant object through the blinding storm of spray which beat dead in my face, but I just managed to make out a dark mass among the boiling waves, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of those on board.

"She must come to it," said the man; "she'll come in just here,' and he pointed to a spot among the waves where they seemed the roughest. "She'll be there in less time than I said; and then, Lord have mercy upon 'em. Amen!"

As he said this the old man reverently took off his tarpaulin sou'wester, and stood with the storm tearing through the remaining of his grizzly hair; bald, rugged, and weather-beaten, the coarseness of his features seemed for the moment subdued—softened by the feeling within his breast—as he stood there no inapt representation of the seer of old.

"Is there no chance for them?" I shouted.

The old man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Precious little," he said, "unless them chaps come down with the lifeboat; but who'd go out?"

It did look a desperate venture, indeed, to attempt to launch a boat with such a sea on, and, having no reply, I stood shading my eyes and gazing out to sea.

"Bang!"

There was another flash, and another dull, echoless report, and as the veil of spray seemed to clear during a lull in the storm, I could perceive a large three-masted vessel about five hundred yards from the shore; and once, as she keeled over and showed her deck, I could see that she was crowded with people.

"God help them!" I muttered.

"Amen!" said the old man; and just then, away to our left, we saw the lifeboat carriage coming down at a trot, drawn by two stout horses, while a loud and prolonged "hurray" welcomed its arrival—as another flash and its following heavy report seemed to come from the doomed vessel like a groan of pain in its hour of distress.

"They'll never go out to her," said the old man, shouting in my ear, for after the lull the storm came down with redoubled fury—the wind shrieking and howling past, cutting the crests of the waves off as it came tearing over the hill of waters and dashing the salt spray in my face till it almost seemed to cut the flesh, while at times the women who had come down were completely held back against the steep sand bank.

"There! look there!" cried the old man, suddenly seizing my arm. "Catching at straws. Why, there's a boatload coming ashore. There, don't you see—now a-top o' that breaker!"

I caught sight of a small boat crowded with figures, and then there seemed to be a tall wave curl over it, and I saw it no more.

"Gone!" said the old man. "I knowed it. Nothing could live in such a storm."

"Let's go to the lifeboat and see if they are going off," said I—but the old man was intently gazing out at sea.

"There, just as I said," he shouted, hoarsely, just in time. "She's struck."

And then above the yelling of the storm we could hear a crash and a wild shriek that seems to ring through me now on a stormy night, when far inland I listen to the howling wind.

"It's now or never," said the old man, as he ran down towards where the lifeboat stood upon its carriage, the women hanging on to their husbands apparently begging that they would not dare the perils before them.

The sea had looked fearful enough from where we stood before, but here, as close as we dared to go to the breakers, it looked perfectly so, while the attempt to launch a boat seemed absolute madness. It was evident the men thought so too, though as we came up one sturdy fellow shouted:

"I'm ready, mates, if you're going," a remark that elicited no response, for every one stood stolidly gazing toward the doomed vessel.

Just then, in the dull haze seaward, a blue light shone out over the water like a dull star, but still no one moved. All at once the old man by my side laid hold of my arm and whispered:

"Give me a lift, sir;" and before I knew hardly what his object was he had climbed, by my help, into the boat. "Now, then, you boys," he shouted, wildly, "I can't stand this. Stand aside and let some of the old ones come."

The spell was broken. Women were thrust aside, and a boat's crew was soon made up, amid the shrieking and wailing of sweethearts and wives, who ran about the beach wringing their hands.

"Hurray for old Marks!" shouted a voice at my elbow, and the crowd loudly cheered the old man. The oars were shipped and all made ready, the old sailor seizing a steer-oar as he stood up in his place with a life-belt on, his hat blown off and looking nobler than ever.

"Now, are you all ready?" he shouted.

"No, no!" was the reply; and in the hush of expectation two men rose in the boat, dashed off their life-belt, and, amid half-muttered groans, leaped out from their places and ran up the sands to the bank where they disappeared.

"Two more!" shouted old Marks, and for a few moments, so dread was the peril, not a soul moved; then two stout lads came rushing toward the boat, pursued by an elderly man—a perfect giant.

"Stop them!" he roared. "Yer shan't go, lads."

He came up to them by the boat's side as they were climbing in, and endeavored to stop their progress; but in his turn he was seized from behind by a couple of men, and the two newcomers were in half a minute equipped for the dire struggle before them and in their places.

"Let me go!" shricked the old man; but the others clung to him as the signal was given, the carriage backed down into position, the time accurately chosen, and with a wild "hurrah" heard above the storm, the lifeboat was launched.

My attention had been so taken up that I had ceased to look upon the man who was struggling to regain his liberty; but, just as the boat was leaving its carriage, a bystander was driven violently against me, and the moment after I saw a figure dash across the intervening space and seize the side of the boat; then came the roar of the storm and the rush of the spray, while for a few minutes the lifeboat was invisible. Then a short distance off she was seen rising upon a wave then disappearing again in a dull haze, which, mingling with the coming night, soon shut everything from our gaze but the foaming water.

"Over seventy, sir," shouted a voice in response to a query. "Old man-o'-war's-man. Been in many a storm, but this here's awful."

Awful it was, for so wild a night had not fallen upon that part of the coast for years, and as the folks upon the shore gazed in the direction the boat had taken they shook their heads and shouted in each other's ears.

There was a long and awful pause, only broken by the shrieking of the wind, and then came a loud shout:

"Here she comes!" and in another minute, obedient to their steersman, the rowers had timed their strokes to a second, so that the boat, heavily laden, rode in upon the summit of a giant wave so far that twenty willing hands were at her side, and she was run up the sands, and fifteen half-drowned fellow creatures lifted out and hurried up the shore.

"Now, my lads," cried old Marks, "onto the tracks with her, and we're off again."

The boat was soon mounted, and every man at his post, the father of the two lads taking his place by the side of the old coxswain, for no amount of persuasion on either side could effect a change.

There was another cheer rising above the storm, and again the gallant crew were launched into the surf, that seemed to curl around the boat as though to fill it in an instant. It rose and fell, a dark mass, amid the white foam, for an instant, and then seemed to plunge into a bank of foggy blackness, for night had fallen.

I could not drag myself away from the stirring scene around me, for I seemed held to the spot by a strange fascination. All at once a lurid light shot up, for a quantity of straw had been set on fire, and the flames roared and crackled as dry seaweed and pieces of wood were heaped up to increase the glare, which appeared to gild the crests of the waves, and threw into bold relief the figures on the sands—some watching eagerly the fringe of breakers, ready to rush down and secure anything that might be washed ashore from the wreck.

More straw was heaped upon the fire, and the flames and sparks rushed inland as they arose with the mighty current of air and darted across the sand-bank. Out seaward all seemed blank darkness, and the eyes strained after the lifeboat were for a while strained in vain.

All at once there was a cry of "Here she comes!" but it was prolonged into a wild wail of despair, for by the light from the fire the boat could be seen broadside on and close ashore, and then after tossing about for a moment, she was dashed, bottom upward, upon the sands.

There was a rush to aid the men struggling in the surf. Some were dragged ashore; some scrambled unaided from the water, while more than one was sucked back by the under-tow; but by the life-belts they were kept afloat, and at last, more or less hurt, the whole crew was ashore—three being carried up to the village insensible.

I now learned that about half way to the vessel the steersman's oar had snapped in two, and the boat fell into the trough of the sea, when, in their efforts to right her, a couple more blades were broken; a wave swept over them and washed two men from their places, and then the boat became unmanageable in their hands; for in spite of the efforts of the coxswain, the men appeared panic-stricken, and rowed at random.

The light that glared upon the shore now showed that it was completely strewn with wreck, and I looked with horror upon the various signs which so plainly disclosed the fate of the good ship. Spar, plank, beam and cask, entangled with rope, were churned over and over in the sand; and twice I saw something dragged ashore and carried away, which sent a shudder through my frame. At last, heart sick and weary, I turned away, and inquired where the crew of the boat was, and who had suffered; when to my sorrow I learned that the only one seriously injured was old Marks, who had so gallantly set the example which had resulted in the saving of fifteen poor creatures from a watery grave.

On entering the village I soon found where the old man had been conveyed, and a few minutes after was at the bedside of the sufferer. I found him sensible, but with a change in his countenance that no amount of pain and suffering could have placed there. He was quite calm, and smiled as I entered.

"Has she gone to pieces?" he whispered, stopping to wipe the blood away that oozed from his lips.

"I fear so," I replied; "the shore is strewed with wreck."

"I knowed she would," he gasped. "Poor things! poor things! How many did we bring ashore?"

I told him fifteen.

"Ah!" he groaned, "not enough, not enough!"

"But it was a most gallant act," I said, "and more would have been saved but for the accident. Where are you hurt? It is not serious, I hope?"

"Serious!" he whispered; and then with a sad smile, "no, it ain't serious; I'm the only one hurt, and my time's up long ago—four years and more. So it ain't serious."

"Where are you hurt?"

"Ribs all crushed," he whispered. "I was under the gunwale of the boat, and it's all over. I could see it in the doctor's looks."

A gush of blood stopped his utterance and I did not dare whisper the comfort I could not but feel.

"It's all right, sir," he whispered, after lying with his eyes closed for about half an hour—"it's all right, and an old tar couldn't die better than doin' his duty. I never thought so; but I always felt as I should like to die in harness, as they say, and so I shall; but I wish there had been more,"

"More what?" I asked.

"More saved," he whispered. "Yer see, I've been afore now in action; and the Almighty only knows how many souls I've cut off; and I should like to feel sure as I'd saved more than I did for—that's all. Perhaps they may go in the scale to help balance the bad."

"But you did all as a part of your duty."

"Ah," he whispered, "duty. Yes, sailors should always do their duty, and I felt it was mine to-night to go. We old men-o'-war's men were trained to answer a call in calm or storm; and when lives were at stake to-night I felt that I was called, and I hope I did my duty. Will you ask them fifteen to say just a word or two for the old man in their prayers, sir; I mean when I am gone? I think I should like it, for I'm an old sailor and can boast of my past life."

"Have you no relatives?" I whispered; "no friends that you would like to see?"

"Far away—far away," he said, with a mournful shake of the head, "and some are a-waitin' for me to join their watch. Don't leave me, sir," he said, piteously.

I promised I would not, and sat watching hour after hour, listening to the hard breathing of the sufferer, who seemed to sink into a state of stupor, moaning at intervals as he tossed his head from side to side on the pillow, and muttered a few words, broken and half spoken. The storm gradually sunk till the wind quite lulled, and at about three o'clock I half drew the curtain and looked out upon the sea, which still tossed fearfully, though all above was calm and peaceful, a light cloud just drifting slowly past the pale bright moon.

I stood gazing at the soft, blue sky, now so placid and serene, almost wondering that so great a change could have taken place, when I started, for a voice behind me shouted:

"Morning watch! Draw the curtain in and let that moon shine in!"

I obeyed—turning cold and trembling as I did do—still looking at the dying sailor, who sat erect in the bed.

"Hark! don't you hear that? It's the boatswain piping for me to keep my everlasting watch. Ay, ay, sir! There—hark again! There's the waves a lashing upon the further shore. Breakers ahead! breakers a-head! Look out there! The old vessel's struck and she's going to pieces—the old seventy-four that's weathered many a storm, going ashore. Farewell, messmate; one short struggle, one cold plunge and a hopeful heart—a brave striking out through the harsh breakers! Land ho! land ho! on other the side—and it's a land of rest—a land of peace and hope. Now for it! The rush of the dark waters is coming—blinding—deafening—but keep a bold heart, messmate. God bless you! I'm going ashore!"

For some minutes I sat motionless. The old man's eye had lighted as he gazed straight before him out upon the moonlit heavens. His voice seemed to peal through the silence of the night, until I shivered as he described the wreck then taking place. To the last word his voice had rung out clear and resonant; then he sank back motionless upon the pillow, stained now with his lifeblood, and I passed softly from the room, for I knew that his life-bark was stranded by the sea of death.

Odd Traces of Lost Money.

Almost any one could collect and tell a good many incidents about lost money that has been found if he would try, but these cases came under our own observation, and we can vouch for their truth.

A farmer in Kinnickinnick Valley was paid $1,000 while he was loading hay. He put it in his vest pocket, and after he had unloaded the hay he discovered that he had lost it, and no doubt had pitched the whole load into the mow on top of it. He went to work and pitched it all out, a handful at a time, upon the barn floor, and when the hired man's fork-tine came up with a $100 bill on it he knew that he had struck a lead. He got it all.

A young man one spring ploughed a pocketbook and thirty dollars in greenbacks under, and, by a singular coincidence, the next spring it was ploughed out and, though rotten clear through, was sent to the treasury, where it was discovered that the bills were on a Michigan National Bank, whither they were sent and redeemed.

We lost a roll of $100 in the spring of '82 and hunted the house and the office through in search of it in vain. We went over the road between the office and the house twenty times, but it was useless. We then advertised the loss of money, giving the different denominations of the bills, and stating, as was the case, that there was an elastic band around the roll when lost. The paper had not been issued more than an hour before the money was recovered, every dollar of it. It was in the pocket of another vest. This should teach us, first, the value of advertising, and, secondly, the utter folly of two vests at the same time.

Apropos of recent bank failures, we want to tell this one on James S. Kelley, commonly called "Black Jim." He failed himself along in the fifties, and, by a big struggle, had made out to pay everybody but Lo Bartlett, to whom he was indebted in the sum of $18. He got the money finally, and, as Lo wasn't in town, Black Jim put it in a bank, the name of which has long ago sunk into oblivion. In fact it began the oblivion business about forty-eight hours after Jim had put his funds in there.

Meeting Lo on the street, Jim said:

"Your money is up in the Wild Cat Bank, Lo. "I'll give you a check for it."

"No use, old man: she's gone up."

"No!"

"Yes; she's a total wreck."

Jim went over to the President's room. He knocked as easy as he could, considering that his breath was coming so hard.

"Who's there?"

"It's Jim Kelley—Black Jim—and I'm in something of a hurry."

"Well, I'm very busy, Mr. Kelley. Come again this afternoon."

"That will be too remote. I am very busy myself. Now is the accepted time. Will you open the door, or shall I open it?"

The President opened it, because it was a good door and he wanted to preserve it.

Black Jim turned the key in the door and sat down.

"What did you want of me?" says the President.

"I wanted to see you about a certificate of deposit I've got on your bank for eighteen dollars."

"We can't pay it. Everything is gone."

"Well, I am here to get eighteen dollars or to leave you looking like a giblet pie. Eighteen dollars will relieve you of this mental strain; but if you do not put up I will paper this wall with your classic features and ruin the carpet with what remains."

The President hesitated a moment. Then he took a roll out of his boot and paid Jim eighteen dollars.

"You will not mention this on the street, of course," said the President.

"No," said Jim, "not untill I get there."

When the crowd got back, however, the President had fled, and he has remained fled ever since. The longer he remained away and thought it over, the more he became attached to Canada, and the more of an incurable fugitive he became.

We saw Black Jim last evening, and he said he had passed through two bank failures, but had always realized on his certificate of deposit. One cashier told Jim that he was the homeliest man that ever looked through the window of a busted bank. He said Kelley looked like a man who ate bank cashiers on toast and directors raw with a slice of lemon on top.

A durable and weighty-looking door is now made of paper. While it costs about the same as wood, it is much better, because there is no shrinking, swelling, cracking or warping. It is composed of two thick paper boards, stamped and moulded into panels, and glued together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. It is first covered with a waterproof coating and then with a fireproof coating, and is painted and varnished and hung in the ordinary way.

Alligator Hunters.

The men who hunt alligators for their hides and teeth reap their harvest in hot weather. The warm weather induces great numbers of aligators to frequent the marshy banks of the rivers, and the absence of sportsmen during this season makes them comparatively fearless. The most successful hunters hunt only in dark nights. A few nights ago I had my slumbers broken several times by the discharge of guns. On repairing to the banks of the river the next morning to ascertain the cause of the noises I found two young men occupying a hastily constructed palmetto-fan camp. Six dead alligators were lying around the camp, varying in length from four to eight feet. The hunters had killed them the previous night One of the young men was busy skinning the alligators, while the other, with the aid of a single cooking utensil which answered the purpose of baking oven and coffee pot, was preparing a frugal morning meal. The skin is removed from the belly, the under part of the jaws, and the inside of the legs. The skin on the back is worthless. As soon as the skins are removed they are salted and packed in barrels, which are shipped to a New York firm. The hunters receive $1 apiece for all hides four feet long and upwards.

After the skins are removed the hunters cut off the heads, and place them on the edge of the river, where they remain for about a week. At the end of that time the teeth become so loose that they can readily be pulled out with the fingers. The teeth from half a dozen large alligators weigh about a pound, and are worth $4.

The two young men killed fifty alligators in the week that they hunted in this neighborhood. They begin hunting as soon as it becomes thoroughly dark. Their hunting outfit consists of a bulls-eye lantern, in camp language called "look-'em-up," a doubled-barrelled shot gun, or "kill-'em-sure," and a hatchet, with which they split the alligator's skull, and to which they have given the very expressive name of "dynamite." The man who is to do the shooting for the night fastens the lantern to his forehead, and takes his place in the bow of a small boat. His partner paddles the boat cautiously along the stream, while the man in the bow keeps a sharp lookout for alligator's eyes, which, under favorable circumstances, he can "shine" with his lantern at a distance of two hundred yards. As soon as they discover a pair of eyes they paddle cautiously up to within a couple of feet of the alligator's head and discharge a load of buckshot into it. As soon as the shot is fired the paddler catches the alligator by the jaws, which he holds together with one hand, while he cleaves the skull open with the hatchet.

Sometimes the alligators retain considerable power of action. When such is the case, it is rather exciting work getting them into the boat. Sometimes very large alligators turn the boat over. If an alligator is not handled at once after being wounded, he sinks to the bottom and is lost.

I asked one of the hunters who had killed more than a thousand alligators, what was the size of the largest one he ever killed, and he told me 13 1-2 feet long. He said that his father killed one on the St. John's river 17 1-2 feet long, the head of which when placed in a flour barrel projected two inches over the top. He sold it to a museum for $65.

Drinking Ceremonies.

The custom of touching glasses prior to drinking healths is very common in England and many other countries, and especially in Germany. It is curious to trace how this custom has prevailed, and still exists, even among savage tribes. To drink out of the same cup, and to eat off the same plate, was one way in which the ancients celebrated a marriage, and the wedding feast continues to be not the least important of the marriage ceremonies to the present day. The Indians of Brazil retain a custom of drinking together a little brandy, as a sign that the marriage is concluded. In China similar customs are met with. In the mediæval banquets of Germany it was the custom to pass a "loving cup" from hand to hand, but this gradually necessitated that the cup should be of enormous size, and thus smaller cups and glasses were adopted, and the custom was conformed to by the drinkers touching their glasses before drinking.

The ceremony attending the passing and drinking out of the "love cup" as practised at our great city festivals and at some of our college hails, is said to have arisen from the assassination of King Edward. It was then the custom among the Anglo-Saxons to pass round a large cup, from which each guest drank; he who thus drank stood up, and as he lifted the cup with both hands, his body was exposed without any defence to a blow, and the occasion was often seized by an enemy to murder him. To prevent this, the following plan was adopted: When one of the company stood up to drink, he required the companion who sat next to him to be his pledge—that is, to be responsible for protecting him against anybody who should attempt to take advantage of his defenseless position; this companion stood up also, and raised his own sword in his hand to defend the drinker while drinking. This practice, in a somewhat altered form, continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it, and was the origin of the modern practice of pledging in drinking. In drinking from the "loving cup" as now practised, each person rises and takes the cup in his hand to drink, and at the same time the person seated next to him rises also, and when the latter takes the cup in his turn, the individual next to him does the same.

ALTHOUGH the hand organs have retired from business, there are still lots of cranks turning up.

The toad, frog and chameleon capture insects by darting out the tongue, which is tipped with glutinous saliva. The boa constricting serpents crush their prey in their coils before swallowing, and the venomous snakes have a poison fang.

The Canada Side.

Mark Twain says: I managed to find my way back alone to the place from whence I had started on this foolish enterprise, and then hurried over to Canada to avoid having to pay for the guide. At the principal hotel I fell in with the Major of the Forty-second Fusileers and a dozen other hearty hospitable Englishmen, and they invited me to join them in celebrating the Queen's birthday. I said I would be delighted to do it. I said I liked all the Englishmen I had ever happened to be acquainted with, and that I, like all me countrymen, admired and honored thy Queen. But I said there was one insuperable drawback—I never drank anything strong upon any occasion whatever, and I did not see how I was going to do proper and ample justice to anybody's birthday with the thin and ungenerous beverages I was accustomed to. The Major scratched his head and thought over the matter at considerable length; but there seemed to be no way of mastering the difficulty, and he was too much of a gentleman to suggest even a temporary abandonment of my principles. But by-and-by he said:

"I have it. Drink soda water. As long as you never do drink anything more nutritious there isn't any impropriety in it."

And so it was settled. We mee in a large parlor handsomely decorated with flags and evergreens, and seated ourselves at a board well laden with creature comforts, both solid and liquid. The toasts were happy and the speeches were good, and we kept it up till long after midnight. I never enjoyed myself more in my life. I drank thirty-eight bottles of soda water. But do you know that is not a reliable article for a steady drink? It is too gassy. When I got up in the morning I was as full of gas and tight as a balloon. I hadn't an article of clothing I could wear except my umbrella.

After breakfast I found the Major making grand preparations again. I asked what it was for, and he said that this was the Prince of Wales' birthday. It had to be celebrated that evening. We celebrated it. Much against my expectations, we had another splendid time, we kept it up till some time after midnight again. I was tired of soda, and so I changed off for lemonade. I drank several quarts. You may consider lemonade better for a steady drink than soda water, but it isn't so. In the morning it had soured on my stomach. Biting anything was out of the question—it was equivalent to lock-jaw. I was beginning to feel worn and sad, too.

Shortly after luncheon I found the Major in the midst of some preparations. He said it was the Princess Alice's birthday. I concealed my grief.

"Who is the Princess Alice?" I asked.

"Daughter of her Majesty the Queen," the Major said.

I succumbed. That night we celebrated the Princess Alice's birthday. We kept it up as late as usual, and really I enjoyed a good deal. But I could not stand lemonade. I drank a couple of kegs of ice water.

In the morning I had toothache and cramps and chilblains, and my teeth were on edge from the lemonade, and I was still pretty gassy. I found the inexorable Major at it again.

"Who is this for?" I asked.

"His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburg."

"Son of the Queen?"

"Yes."

"And this is the birthday—you haven't made any mistake?"

"No; the celebration comes off to-night."

I bowed before the new calamity. We celebrated the day. I drank part of a barrel of cider. Among the first objects that met my weary and jaundiced eye the next day was the Major, at his interminable preparations. My heart was broken and I wept.

"Whom do we mourn this time?" I said:

"The Princess Beatrice, daughter of the Queen."

"Here, now," I said, "it is time to begin to inquire into this thing. How long is the Queen's family likely to hold out? Who comes next on the list?"

"Their Royal Highnesses Anne, Mary, Elizabeth, Gertrude, Augusta, William, Simon, Ferdinand, Irene, Sophia, Susannah, Socrates, Samson—"

"Hold! There is a limit to human endurance. I am only mortal. What man dare do, I dare—but he who can celebrate this family in detail and live to tell of it is less or more than man. If you have to go through this every year, it is a mercy that I was born in America, for I haven't constitution enough to be an Englishman. I shall withdraw from this enterprise. I am out of drinks. Out of drinks, and thirteen more to celebrate. Out of drinks, and only just on the outskirts of the family yet, as you may say. I am sorry enough to withdraw, but it is plain enough it has to be done. I am full of gas and my teeth are loose, and I am wretched with cramps, and afflicted with scurvy, and toothache, measles, mumps and lockjaw, and the cider last night has given me the cholera. Gentlemen I mean well, but really I am not in a condition to celebrate the other thirteen. Give us a rest." I find, now, that it was all a dream. One avoids much dissipation by being asleep.

A Curious Book.

Perhaps the most singular curiosity in the book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled "The Passion of Christ," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut out of a leaf; and being interleaved with the blue paper it is as easily read as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed on its completion must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution in every respect is indeed admirable, and the volume is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rudolph II of Germany offered for it, in 1640, 11,000 ducats, which was probably equal to 60,000 at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is that it bears the royal arms of England, but when it was in that country and by whom owned has never been ascertained.

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CENTRE HALL, PA., Sept. 17, '84

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☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE

FIRST RAIL ROAD EXCURSION

TO SPRING MILLS, TO VISIT

G. R. SPIGELMYER'S

—"FAIR" AND "SUPPLY DEPOT."—

LOWEST PRICES! LATEST STYLES!

MODEL STORE OF PENNS VALLEY.

TO THE CENTRE REPORTER READERS:

We beg leave to inform you of the arrival of our early fall stock. It embraces the most complete line of Fancy Goods, Notions, Embroidering Material, &c., ever brought to town. We defy any one to beat our prices—they are always the LOWEST consistent with strictly First-Class Goods. Any thing you buy of us you will find as represented or it can be returned and the money will be refunded. Don't forget to call even if you have decided to go elsewhere and we are certain you will go away pleased. Remember the place.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, Sept.*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Goldsmith, of the Bee Hive, is now in New York, buying fall stock.

—Mrs. John Shannon, of this place, is seriously ill.

—Furst's nomination for Judge was made on 14th ballot.

—Mr. Will Keller, merchant at Linden Hall, gave the "Reporter" a call.

—Some of our farmers have quit sowing on account of the dryness of the ground.

—Misses Clara Reifsnyder and Jennie Deininger, of Millheim, gave the REPORTER a call.

—For fall goods in the gents furnishing line, the best place to buy is at the Philad. Branch.

—Mrs. Stover, wife of Wm. Stover, of Aaronsburg, is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

—The hot spell seems broken. Saturday night there was a severe frost followed by frost on Sunday night.

—The Prohibitionists in another column issue a call for a convention, on 25, at Bellefonte, to nominate a county ticket.

—A scarcity of funds obliges us to enclose bills to our patrons. Such as make us a remittance, of at least part, will do us a great favor.

—Mr. J. R. Lawyer, of Earlystown, lost one of his most valuable horses, one day last week, from the effect of an injury received in its side from tines of a fork.

—The new Reformed church at Aaronsburg, is rapidly going up, and has now covered the first story windows. It will be a handsome edifice when finished. Its cost will be about $8000.

—Rev. Dr. Wolf, of Gettysburg, preached an excellent sermon at Aaronsburg, last Sabbath morning, in the Lutheran church. He also preached in the Millheim Luth. church in the afternoon, same day.

— The letter asking us to publish a notice of an ice-cream festival of the Green Grove Sunday school in last week's REPORTER, was only received after that issue was out. The festival was held in Gregg Burrell's woods on Saturday.

—Kennedy, the watchmaker and jeweler, has now got himself nicely fixed in the Durst store room, which is large and suitably refitted to make it pleasant. He has made quite an improvement to that locality and now has a handsome store.

—Johnny Mullen has moved his store to the room occupied heretofore by Kennedy, the jeweler, on Church street. Mr. Mullen has himself snugly fixed in his new quarters, where he will be pleased to see all who need boots and shoes. John always sells cheap.

—The new Evangelical church at Millheim is now under roof. It is built on the Gothic style, with main tower on upper front corner, and a miniature tower on opposite corner. The church when completed will be the handsomest edifice of that denomination in central Pennsylvania.

—We are informed that on Thursday, 11, as Wm. Runkle and Mr. Hoar, the blacksmith at Stone Mill, were driving across the Seven Mts., their horse ran off and that Mr. Hoar was thrown out of the buggy and seriously hurt. The buggy was a new one and was completely wrecked.

— We can say with confidence and belief that those who know anything about the matter will bear us out in the assertion that Sechler, at Bellefonte, keeps the finest lot of groceries to be had in the central part of Penn'a. This firm has for years enjoyed the reputation of being the leading grocers of the county, and they still enjoy the confidence of the people, and have a larger trade each year. Their goods are always pure, fresh and of the very best quality. They are experienced in the business and keep only first class stock. Give them an order, and be convinced.

—At the teachers' examination in this place, on Monday, Sup't Wolf informed his class that possibly they might have to prepare themselves for a new study, as the Grangers intended having a book published upon Agriculture, which subject was to be introduced into our schools as a new branch of study if the Patrons could succeed in having a bill passed by the Legislature obliging the adoption of the work as a text book. As some of the pedagogues lag a little upon the branches now taught, how will it be with them when an entire new one is added? Still we do not at first glance see the advisability of making the subject of Agriculture a branch of study in our common schools.

—A fine lot of monuments are being offered at very low prices at S. A. Stover's Marble Yard, Bellefonte, and those desiring anything in this line can find no better place in Centre county to purchase cheap.

—A Lancaster county exchange boasts of having the champion mean man. He is a person of some means. He tries to skin all he can in business and disputes and jews down to the starvation notch honest bills of his neighbor. Gives not a cent to charity, church, public enterprize or to help on the locality. He takes no paper but regularly borrows that of others. He is a sportsman and begs his powder, shot and gun during the season, and drinks his comrad's whiskey and eats his grub when fishing. He begs paper and envelops to do his correspondence, and cabbages all his telephoning to save postage.

Well, let that fellow have the prize for a few days, as the meanest man, until we look around for we think we can match him in these parts.

—Cleveland, Blaine, Butler and St. John may not at present be wearing suits purchased at the Philad. Branch, but just wait until they hear how cheap Lewins sells his clothing and then see if each one does not lay in a half dozen suits at once. We have no doubt but that Arthur gets his clothing here, as he is always well dressed.

—Rev. John Tomlinson, late of the Aaronsburg Lutheran charge, has entered his new field at Abbotstown, Pa. The pastor and family met with a warm welcome on their arrival at the above place a short time ago. Bro. Tomlinson ranks among the profoundest theologains of the Lutheran church, as is always evidenced by his powerful sermons, and his practices are strictly in accordance with his preaching. The Aaronsburg charge lost an able and faithful minister in Mr. Tomlinson, to the great gain of the people of Abbotstown.

—A man rushing breathless and hatless along the streets of Bellefonte the other day, stopped when he reached the Philad. Branch. He was afraid that all the goods would be sold before he could get around. Lewins is very popular, indeed, and it is simply because he sells ready-made clothing so cheap. No shoddy or old style in his fine stock, but everything of the latest style and best quality. Just drop in and see the immense stacks of clothing.

—The recent hot spell served one good purpose, although it seemed almost intolerable to some—it hastened the ripening of the corn crop and puts it safe against being nipped by frost as was the case with last year's corn. In our county the corn, it appears now, will be near an average crop, and what there is will be ripe and perfect. Last summer, it will be remembered, we had a very heavy crop of corn, unfortunately there was a biting frost on 9th of September, and over half of the corn in consequence was soft and almost worthless. This season the crop will not be so large but there will be much more good, hard corn than last year. We may learn from this that the hot spell which we recently endured had its good uses.

—Rev. DeLong, of Bellefonte, will preach in the Reformed church, Centre Hall, Sunday afternoon, next, at 2:30.

—The very best material and the finest workmanship is the rule observed at S. A. Stover's Marble Yard. Give him a call and see the fine stock on hand.

—Mr. Lewis Doll, Bellefonte, keeps the finest line of gent's walking shoes in the county. His prices are exceedingly low.

—A Harvest Thanksgiving service was held in the Reformed church at Madisonburg. Rev. Landis, of Adamsburg, Snyder county, assisted pastor N. J. Miller in the service. The offerings on the occasion were devoted to benevolent ends.

—For a neat, well-fitting and substantial shoe you can find no better place in Centre county, than at Doll's new shoe store.

—A Democratic meeting will be held in the mountains at or near Benj. Ripga's on Saturday, Oct. 4th, at 2 o'clock p. m. Mr. L. Rhone and other eminent speakers will be present and address the meeting.

—The finest goods only kept at Doll's new shoe store, Bellefonte. A special line of ladies' shoes.

—Daniel Hess is about to erect a grain house at Linden Hall.

—Lewins, Bellefonte, has all kind of clothing worn by gents. He has all styles and qualities, but sells to every one at the same price, and that price is always the lowest. Now just give the Philad. Branch a trial when you want a good article, and see whether you will not be more than satisfied. Every one likes to get the worth of his money when buying, and at Lewins' is just the place to make a fair exchange.

—In Brushvalley much of the corn was not as far advanced as in some localities, hence has been injured considerably by last week's frosts.

—Sechlers still hold the fort in the grocery trade, and are constantly receiving fresh supplies, and will be able to supply all the families of the county with pure and fresh groceries at very reasonable prices.

Entire stock of ladies', and children's silk and lisle gloves, closing out at 25 per cent below cost at the Bee Hive.

—A new department in the form of a photographer's gallery has made its appearance among us. J. Grotzinger, the proprietor, expects to remain in this place from Sept. 19 to Sept. 28, which will give people plenty of time to have pictures taken or anything in photographer's line. Photographs taken in cloudy as well as clear weather. For perfect eye and beauty of tone and finish his work can not be excelled. Give him a trial.

THE GAST REUNION.

A reunion of the Gast family is appointed for to-morrow, Thursday, 18, in a grove on the farm of John Wolf, in Miles twp. It was on this farm that John Nicholas Gast settled in the year 1793. His brother Christian Gast had previously moved into the same valley, occupying lands on the opposite side where Mr. John Hubler now resides. The name of the father of these brothers was Christian Gast, who emigrated from Wurtenberg, Germany, about the middle of the last century. J. N. Gast had ten children who, with their mother, have been remarkable for their longevity, she having lived to the age of 94, and none of her children having thus far died under 75 years. Two sons and one daughter reached about 90, while four daughters—Mrs. Conser, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Jacob Wolf and Mrs. Paul Wolf and two sons, John and Henry Gast—still survive at ages ranging from 75 to 86.

Christian Gast, the brother, removed years ago to Blair county, thence to Marion county, Ohio, where he left a very large and respectable posterity, most of whom are residing in and about the town of Prospect.

A number of these western Gasts are now east and a reunion with their kindred hereabouts is to be celebrated with considerable ceremony and promises to be a very interesting and successful affair. The descendants of J. Nicholas Gast are found mostly in Clinton, Centre and Union counties. In Clinton are the children and grand children of J. Adam Gast and Mrs. Robert Tate. In Centre the four daughters named above are yet residing and a number of their children and grandchildren, among whom are the families of John Wolf and William Wolf, Samuel Conser, Reuben Gramley, Daniel Bartges, Mrs. Jacob Dinges and M. J. Hall. Henry Gast and John Gast, with most of their children, and Henry G. Wolf, residing in Union county. Including the original Swabian immigrant six generations of this family may now be numbered. A large proportion of these is expected to participate in the reunion festivities.

EX-GOVERNOR CURTIN'S UNANIMOUS NOMINATION.

Clearfield, Pa., Sept. 14.—The result of the democratic primaries yesterday is the unanimous nomination of Curtin for congress, Potter having declined to run. The returns thus far indicate the nomination of Norris for assembly, Troxell for treasurer and Savage and Brown for commissioners.

FURST FOR JUDGE.

The Republicans of this judicial district, Centre and Huntingdon, have nominated A. O. Furst, Esq., of Bellefonte, for President Judge. Mr. Furst is a good lawyer, but has ever been a bitter partisan with no kindly feeling for the Democracy, and in voting for a judge in November Democrats will give Mr Furst a wide go-by, and will have a good man and lawyer of their party to vote for, and we predict Furst will be last.

PROHIBITION CONVENTION.

A Prohibition County Convention will be held in the Y. M. C. A. hall, Bellefonte, Thursday, Sept. 15, at 10 a. m., with the view of nominating a ticket for Centre county. All who intend supporting, by their votes, the candidates of the Prohibition party are earnestly requested to be present.

THOS. TAYLOR, Ch'm.

REV. W. W. REESE, Sec'y.

September, 15, 1884.

BIG STRIKE OF MINERS.

Williamsport, Pa., Sept 9.—The announcement that the officials of the Amalgamated Association of Miners and Laborers have ordered the members of the organization employed in the bituminous districts of Clearfield county out on a strike has created excitement in trade circles. This movement will place between fifteen and twenty thousand operatives in idleness. John Britt, District President of the Amalgamated Association of Miners and Laborers, says that the strike will not only be inaugurated for wages, but a strong move will be made to abate or entirely abolish the company store system. It is probable that the strike will become general and include all the colleries working in western, central and northwestern Pennsylvania.

LOCH LOMOND SAW MILL BURNED.

The saw-mill at Loch Lomond, about 2 miles north of Philipsburg, operated by J. M. Holt & Co., of latter place, was burned to the ground on last Wednesday night. The fire was started underneath the mill, and was discovered about eight o'clock, and the cause of it is unknown. About 6 million feet of lumber were destroyed. Loss about $100,000.

HORRIBLE DEATH IN YORK CO.

Clear Springs, Sept. 12.—On Thursday Henry Sprayer went out with his mower and horses to cut clover. While going around the field the horses became frightened at something and ran away. Mr. Sprayer was unable to hold them and when making a short turn he was thrown off the machine in front of the knives. Unable to get away in time, the keen blades caught him and severed his legs and head almost completely from his body.

400 DEATHS FROM CHOLERA AT NAPLES.

Naples, Sept. 10.—The situation in this city is growing worse. In the last 24 hours ending at 9 this evening, there have been 937 fresh cases of cholera and 395 deaths. All the ministers have earnestly urged King Humbert to leave the city, but the king has refused. The king will visit the populous quarters of the city. While visiting the sick the king met the archbishop who was upon the same errand of mercy. The meeting of the king and prelate is described as being very interesting and touching.

A GREAT FLOOD IN CHINA—70,000 PERSONS PERISH IN WATER.

San Francisco, Sept. 15.—Information had reached Canton of a frightful inundation in the province of Kiangsee. The News is dated at King Tak, the chief centre of the pottery manufacture and one of the four great markets of the empire. The floods lasted four days and the entire country was submerged to the depth of sixty feet. Whole towns were swept away. It is believed that fully 70,000 persons perished. It was feared that a pestilence would follow. Cholera had broke out at Amoy. The number of the deaths is not given. It has been declared to be an infected port.

A young man in Erie county who, ten years ago, was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in the penitentiary for a great crime, was pardoned last week, having proved conclusively that he was entirely innocent of the crime. The certain approach to death of two others brought them to confess having committed the deed and entirely exculpating the innocent sufferer.

Ben Butler says: "If Jackson were alive to-day he would vote for me." Jackson, then, shows his patriotism by being dead.—Chicago News.

Largest and finest display of suiting and trousering at the Merchant Tailoring department of the Bee Hive.

Statesmen arriving from abroad are more than a little puzzled over the meaning of "soap-tails, "doodle-bugs" and "mugwumps" of American politics.—New Orleans Picayune.

Now is the time to leave your order for a fall suit at the Bee Hive.

Even the bold, defiant mustache of John Peter St. John blushes under its dye at Mr. Blaine's pusillanimity in dodging a great moral question.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In Snyder county apples are plenty, and cider sells at $3 and $3.50 per barrel, apples included.

During a storm in Perry county the other week a horse was killed by lightning while standing in a blacksmith shop in Liverpool. The blacksmith had just let down the horse's hind foot when the stroke came.

William Longacre, who was tried at Mifflintown last week for the murder of Samuel Kepner at Port Royal on the evening of June 27 last, was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Who has not heard or been the recipient of benefits derived from using N. H. Downs' Elixir, a never failing remedy for diseases of throat, chest and lungs. None are too poor to get cured of all bilious diseases by the use of Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, as they only cost 25 cents per bottle. As a liniment for horses, Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, cures sprains, burises and lameness at once. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. sept

SAM HOUSTON AND BOOTH.

Gen. Sam Houston, who had just returned from his first visit to Texas, was walking up Pennsylvania avenue one evening in the winter of 1834, when he met with his old friend Booth, the tragedian. After mutual exclamations of surprise and salutation the two ascertained that they were both rooming at Browne's Indian Queen Hotel and going there they went to Booth's room. Sitting down they recounted the adventures of their past lives, and as they industriously circulated the bottle many a loud shout echoed through that hall and startled the watchman in the street as they went their silent rounds. As the night wore on their excitement increased until, at the close of a thrilling story relating to his strange career, Houston exclaimed:

"Now, Booth, let's have a speech to liberty, one of those apostrophes to old Roman freedom with which you startle audiences!"

Had Booth been inclined to refuse, he knew that his friend, when the mood was on him, would not be denied any request, however absured or difficult of performance. But the tragedian had himself entered into the spirit of his companion, and, nothing loth, he rehearsed with magic power many of these electric passages in defense of liberty with which the English drama abounds. Houston, whose memory as well as his habits partook of the Indian character, caught up the words, and with equal force, clearness and accuracy went through each speech in regular succession. Thus they proceeded for a time, and then again sat down to renew their potations and the story of their personal adventure. Booth drank and listened while the other told of his own elevation in his native State, of his disgust at civic honors, of his home in the distant forest, of the uncontrolled freedom of the redmen, of their stoic fortitude and matchless heroism. Warmed by the recollection of those thrilling scenes, he sprang at last to his feet, and, in the tone of one amid the battle's din, fighting against the most fearful odds, exclaimed, "Now, Booth, once more for liberty!" The tragedian dared not disobey. He ran through, with all his usual energy, the tale of Mexican thraldom, of the Spanish conquest of that land, the dangers incurred by that army, their commander's exhortation before the battle and the stubborn bravery of the native chiefs. Before him stood at that lone hour, listening with an intensity of thought and feeling which shone through his eyes, lighted his face, strained every muscle and started the sweat in great drops from his lofty brow, one who had all the fiery spirit of a Cortez and ambition of a Pizarro. Quick as thought he took up the tale and repeated the words just uttered by Booth, while the most critical precision of tone and manner. As he became excited in the recitation his spirit seemed to take fire, and with an air so determined, so frightful, that it seemed the voice of one inspired, he exclaimed at the close of a masterly extemporaneous rhapsody:

"Yes! yes! I am made to revel yet in the halls of the Montezumas."

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and although Houston did not revel in the halls of the Montezumas, his determination and energy of character conquered the occupant of these halls and wrested from Mexico her fairest State.

THE VALUE OF IVY ROOTS.

Mountaineers in North Carolina and Tennessee have made a good deal of money digging the roots of the ivy. Ten and twelve dollars per ton is paid for them at the railroad stations. They are shipped north to be turned into door and bureau knobs, and for inlaid and veneering work. These roots have been considered a nuisance in clearing land for the plow, but now will sell for more than the price for which the land could have been bought two years ago.

THE "WIDOW" BUTLER.

To the Editor of the *World*:

Why is B. F. Butler called the "Widow?"

Titusville, Pa., Sept. 11. M. E. K.

[In a celebrated speech in Worcester a few years ago—celebrated for its coarseness, buffoonery and vulgarity—Mr. Butler said that he was not afflicted with modesty—he was like a widow; he knew what he wanted and wasn't afraid to make it known.—Ed. World.]

LADIES IN AMERICA

long before they reach middle age frequently find themselves suffering from some of the complaints and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. For all such Kidney-Wort is a great boon. It induces a healthy action of the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleanses the system, and strengthens and gives new life to all the important organs of the body. It is nature's great assistant in establishing and sustaining health. Sold by all druggists.

Sunday, Sept. 21st, has been appointed as the time for the dedication of the free church in Siglerville, erected by Rev. Mr. White's friends. The Rev. J. J. Pearce, of the M. E. church, Rev. Smith, of the Evangelical church, and other clergymen, are expected to be present and take part in the services. There will be preaching at 10:30 and 3 o'clock. A cordial invitation is given to the public to attend.

In order to increase the REPORTER during the campaign, we offer the following inducements: Any one sending us four names, with 60 cents, for each, we will send the REPORTER to March 4, 1885, on trial, and a copy FREE to the sender for the same period. If the sender of the four names is one of our present subscribers, we will add the above period to his credit. Every reader should be able to get four trial names at the low price of 60 cents, and help the spread of Democratic arguments.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the Sinking Creek Presbyterian church passed the following resolutions on the death of Mrs. C. A. Witmer:

WHEREAS, God has seen proper in his infinite wisdom to take from our midst a beloved member of the church, the first president of our society and a consistent member since its organization; therefore,

Resolved, That while we mourn the loss we have experienced we bow submissively to the sovereign will of a kind and merciful Father.

Resolved, That we cherish the memory of her faithful and consistent life and her fortitude in the hour of trial, and that we ever seek to imitate her Christian example.

Resolved, That we extend our warmest sympathy to the bereaved family, commending them to Him who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of the society, a copy be printed in the CENTRE REPORTER and one also be sent to the family of the deceased.

MRS. AGNES FOSTER,
MRS. MAGGIE RUNKLE,
MISS FLORA LOVE.

At the last meeting of the Centre County Medical Society a committee was appointed to pay a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of DR. G. W. KLINE, deceased, late of Potters Mills, which submitted the following report:

Resolved, That by the death of DR. G. W. KLINE this society has lost a valuable member, and the profession a young physician who gave promise of a career of rare usefulness.

Resolved, That we deeply lament the early death of one whose virtues endeared him to a large circle of friends.

Resolved, That the members of this society tender to the family of the deceased their heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That a member of this society be appointed by the President at the next regular meeting, to prepare a brief biographical sketch of the late DR. KLINE for publication in the "Transactions of the State Medical Society."

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this society, and a copy of them sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the county papers for publication.

J. Y. DALE,
WM. A. JACOBS,
C. S. MUSSER.

DIED.

On Sept. 11, at Centre Hall, Wilbur Simpson, infant son of Frank and Lucy Herlacher, aged 1 year, 10 months, 3 days.

Sleep on, dear Wilbur,
Take thy rest;
God called thee home,
He thought it best.
G. P. S.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 15, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	54¼	—64
Wheat	"	73⅞	—83⅞
Oats	"	25⅛	— 36
Pork	"	17.00	
Lard	"	7.15	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 40c; butter, 15c to 20c; young chickens, per pair, 40c; beets, per dozen, 8c; eggs, 18c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; fish, per pound, 12c; onions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; tomatoes, per bu., 40 to 50c; cucumbers, per doz., 8 to 10c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13; apple butter, per qt., 15c; beans, per peck, 20c; blackberries, per qt, 6 to 8c

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	77
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 15; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 16 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
26sartf

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

MAGNITUDE OF THE THEFTS.

The magnitude of the amount stolen in the twenty-three years of republican administration can be estimated in the following manner: If the amount stated —namely, $45,527,625.27—was invested in standard silver dollars and stored in the treasury, subject to the order of the star routers and other republican thieves who have taken it, calculating that one thousand pounds would make a fair load for a horse and cart, and that $16,000 weighs one thousand pounds, it would take two thousand eight hundred and forty-five loads of $16,000 each to haul it to republican headquarters.

Estimating a cart and horse to be 14 feet long, and allowing four feet between each cart, if placed in a single file this republican stealing would make a procession nine and three-quarter miles long.

Estimating that the procession would move at the rate of three miles an hour, it would take Mr. Elkins at republican headquarters three hours and fifteen minutes to review it, and the line would extend from the battery in New York city to beyond Harlem, and yet Senator Hawley said in his Brooklyn speech that "stealing under republican administration had been reduced to a minimum."

All the the latest fall styles of hats and caps, for men and boys and children, at the Bee Hive.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Catharine Lingle, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against same to present the them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN D. DECKER,
27aug6t Potters Mills, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letter of administration upon the estate of Jonas Boal late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
LEVI STUMP, Adm'r.,
20aug6t Tusseyville, Penn'a.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—Letters of administration upon the estate of Dr. G. W. Kline, late of Potter township, dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN KLINE, Adm'r,
20aug6t Bellefonte, Penn'a.

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Blaine** By Wm. Ralston Balch, assisted by the distinguished candidate himself. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Republican party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; free trade; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Logan.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once. THAYER, MERRIAM & Co.,
6ug10t 823 Arch St., Philad'a

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having arefrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.
14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

LADIES' MEDICAL ADVISER.—A complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated; postage paid for 10 two-cent stamps. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at home. Worth its weight in Gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. Address, NUNDA PUBLISHING Co., Nunda, N. Y. 6aug3m

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23apr8m

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 110 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,
7may5m Spring Mills, Pa.

Any Housekeeper who sends at once the names of 5 married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, will receive free for one entire year, a handsome, entertaining and instructive Domestic Journal, devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work. Decorating, Shopping, Cooking and Household matters. Best paper published for Ladies. Every housekeeper wants it. Regular price, $1.00. Must send now! Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL,
6aug8m Nunda, New York.

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL

Cures headaches, burns, sprains, cuts, wounds, rheumatism, toothache, blisters, &c.

Unequalled in quality at half the price, 6 oz. 25 cts. Pints (16 oz.) 50 cts. Quarts $1 per bottle.

RISLEY'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

Valuable in the cure of ulceration and irritation of the kidneys, bladder and uretha, strangury, gravel, gleet, ghonorrhoea, leucorrhoea or whites, dropsy, pain in back, loins, &c., $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. C. F. RISLEY,
3sep8mos 64 Courtland St., New York.

CAUTION.—My wife, Jane A. Rishel, having left my bed and board since June 13, 1884, without any cause, all persons are hereby notified that I will pay no bills whatever contracted by her hereafter. 3s3t ANDREW J. RISHEL.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1½ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home. J. W. MERSINGER,
27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale by virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, at the late residence of Jonathan Weaver, dec'd, in Gregg twp, three miles east of Centre Hall, Saturday, October 4, '84, at 1 o'clock, the following real estate: A valuable farm containing 74 ACRES, more or less, neat measurement, in Gregg twp., bounded on east by lands of J. P. Grove, on south by lands of Mitchell heirs, on west and on north by land of Mitchell heirs; thereon erected a two story dwelling house, bank barn, summer house, smoke house, dry house, all buildings good as new, orchard of choice fruit. Of the above described tract there are about 6 Acres of timber.

Also a tract of mountain land within ½ mile of the above described tract, bounded on south by land of E. Dashamer, on east by land of J. B. Ream and on west by land of James Grove, containing 104 ACRES, more or less, timber land with good timber, such as yellow pine, chestnut, chestnut oak, etc.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ½ in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest from confirmation of sale; said payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on premises.
A. H. WEAVER, Adm'r.

WANTED! Energetic, reliable men to sell Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. SALARIES and expenses paid. Experience not essential. Full instructions given inexperienced men. Address, LE CLARE & HERRICK, Brighton, N. Y. One mile east of Rochester.